Vol. VIII. AUGUST, 1893. No. 8.

"A purer, higher form of Christianity is needed, such as will approve itself to men of profound thinking and feeling as the real spring and most efficacious instrument of moral elevation, moral power and disinterested love."— CHANNING.

THE UNITARIAN

A MAGAZINE OF LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS.

CONTENTS.

Instantaneous Photographs 337
Rev. Robert Collyer
What can the More Prosperous do for the Less Prosperous? *James T. Bixby* 342
Bunker Hill Monument 345
The Word of God . *Henry C. Badger* 349
Unity . . . . . *S. C. Selden* 352
The All-sufficient Creed 355
Charles Hargrove
The Geary Law . . . *C. W. Wendte* 356
The Larger Gospel . . *T. B. Forbush* 359
The Boot-boy and the Satin Sofa . . 360
Laura Ormiston Chant
Christ, the Creator . . . *David Swing* 362
The Mormons at Salt Lake 362
Rebecca Palfrey Utter
Robert Collyer among the Quakers . 364
A Day in the Sculpture Galleries of the World's Fair . . *Celia P. Woolley* 364
The Missionary Spirit 367
Daring to Hope 368
One Upward Look Each Day 369
Editorial Notes 371

DEPARTMENTS:
Sunday-school . . *Edward A. Horton* 374
Guilds . . . . . *B. R. Bulkeley* 375
Temperance Notes . . *C. R. Eliot* 376
Literary Notes 377
Publications Received 378
Reviews and Magazines 378
News from the Field 379

International Congress of Unitarians . 383
General Programme of the World's Congresses 384
Meadville Alumni Resolutions . . . 384
Publisher's Department, with Portrait of Rev. Charles G. Ames i

GEO. H. ELLIS, PUBLISHER, 141 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON, MASS.

WESTERN OFFICE: ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN.

AGENTS FOR ENGLAND: H. RAWSON & CO., 16 NEW BROWN ST., MANCHESTER.

[*Entered at the Post-office at Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter.*]

THE UNITARIAN.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT: Articles intended for publication should be addressed to **Rev. J. T. Sunderland, Ann Arbor, Mich.** All other matter—notes from the churches and items of religious news of every kind—should be sent to **Rev. Frederick B. Mott, 141 Franklin Street, Boston.**

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT: Subscriptions and all business communications should be sent to **Geo. H. Ellis, 141 Franklin Street, Boston,** to whom all drafts and money or express orders should be made payable.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: To subscribers in the United States and Canada, One Dollar a year, in advance, postage free. To foreign subscribers, $1.25 in American money, or 5 shillings in English money.

A PACKAGE of TEN COPIES, to one address, to be used for missionary purposes, will be sent for **$5.00.**

SAMPLE COPIES of THE UNITARIAN will be sent free on application.

THE UNITARIAN *will continue to be sent to subscribers until a request is received to discontinue, and until all arrearages are paid.*

PROSPECT HILL SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, GREENFIELD, MASS. This is a Family School of about 30 pupils, on a beautiful estate of 6 acres, in a very healthful location. The dwelling-house has been recently enlarged and fitted with steam throughout, and new and complete drainage. Building provided with Laboratory, Studio, and Music Room. Regular course of 4 years includes English, Classical and Modern Languages, Science, Philosophy, Art, Vocal and Instrumental Music. Advanced Course for graduates of High Schools. Prepares for any College. JAMES C. PARSONS, Principal.

POWDER POINT SCHOOL, DUXBURY, MASS. Prepares Boys for Scientific School, College, or Business. Combines individual teaching with exceptional advantages for home and outdoor life. Laboratories. 50 Boys. F. B. KNAPP, S.B., Principal.

PROCTOR ACADEMY, ANDOVER, N.H. For both sexes. Healthful location. Liberal management. Expenses low. Prepares for college, or for teaching, etc. For catalogue, address JAMES F. MORTON, A.M., Principal.

MR. KNAPP'S HOME SCHOOL FOR BOYS, PLYMOUTH, MASS. 12 boys, 26th year, H. W. Royal (Harv.), Head Master; A. H. Ward (Harv.), Assistant Master. Mrs. Knapp, Principal.

UNITARIAN READING supplied gratuitously on application to POST-OFFICE MISSION, LAWRENCE, MASS. Care Miss Ellen E. Call, 35 Summer Street.

Books of Value.

Beliefs about the Bible. By M. J. SAVAGE. 206 pages. Cloth, $1.00.

CONTENTS: *The English Bible; The Text and the Canon; The Pentateuch; The Prophets; The Writings; The Bridge between the Testaments; The Epistles; The Gospels; The Religion of the Bible; The Morality of the Bible; The Present Use and Worth of the Bible; The Eternal Bible.*

The New Bible and its New Uses. By JOSEPH HENRY CROOKER. 286 pages. Cloth, $1.00.

CONTENTS: *Introduction: The New Bible; I. Errors in the Bible; II. What the Bible claims for Itself; III. The Bible as Authority; Appendix: Contradictions in the Gospels.*

For sale by booksellers, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, by

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

141 Franklin Street, - - - Boston.

Social Problems.

Social Equilibrium, and Other Problems, Ethical and Religious. By Rev. GEORGE BATCHELOR. 286 pages. Cloth, $1.50.

The capacity for broad sight, the calmness of the judicial mind, the earnestness of the prophet, the sympathy of the humanitarian, ought certainly, when combined, to produce something of value in the way of the solution of tangled problems, whether social or religious. In this book we find manifested this broad sight, this calmness, this earnestness, and this sympathy; and in their product we are not disappointed, but inspired and helped.

SOME OF THE TOPICS:

Social Equilibrium; The Revolt of the Majority; The Future of the Minority; Religion its own Evidence; Righteousness its own Law; Free Thought; Heredity and Education; Heredity and Tradition in Morals; Ethics and Happiness; The Natural Meaning of the Word "Ought"; The Natural History of the Moral Ideal and the Law of Progress; Is it Religion vs. Righteousness?

"Bold and manly, . . . terse, comprehensive and logical, . . . a complete review of the deeper social and moral questions of the present day."—*New England News.*

Problems in American Society. By JOSEPH HENRY CROOKER. [Some Social Studies.] 294 pages. Cloth, $1.25.

CONTENTS:

I. The Student in American Life; II. Scientific Charity; III. The Root of the Temperance Problem; IV. The Political Conscience; V. Moral and Religious Instruction in our Public Schools; VI. The Religious Destitution of Villages.

"Out of all the confusion of current theory, fanatical bitterness and shallow arrogance, comes now and then a calm and considerate work, treating burning questions with catholic liberality, really helpful to the seeker for wisdom, and giving hint of the survival we shall find when all this clamor and fermentation is over. Such a work is 'Problems in American Society.'"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Social Problems. By M. J. SAVAGE. 189 pages. Cloth, $1.00.

CONTENTS:

Preliminary: Religion for this World; The Social Dream; Social Beginnings; Social Achievement; Social Barriers; The Rise of the Individual; Socialism; Social Responsibility; What is at Present Possible? Common School Education; Poverty, Personal and National; The Diminution of Evils.

Man, Woman and Child. By M. J. SAVAGE. 200 pages. Cloth, $1.00.

CONTENTS:

The Man; The Woman; The Evolution of Marriage; Marriage To-day; The Child; The Home; Society; Celibacy; Divorce; Woman's Sphere; Careers for our Daughters; The Transfiguration of Humanity.

The Duties of Women. A Course of Lectures. By FRANCES POWER COBBE. 193 pages. Cloth, $1.00.

"The profoundest, wisest, purest, noblest book in principle, aim, and tone yet written upon the *true position of woman in society.*"

How we made a Nine-cent Dinner. Explained in Full, with some other Economies. By Mrs. E. S. TURNER, the New Century Cooking School of Philadelphia. Paper, 10 cts.

For sale by booksellers, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, by

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

141 Franklin Street, - - - Boston.

THE UNITARIAN

A Monthly Magazine of Liberal Christianity.

Vol. VIII. AUGUST, 1893. No. 8.

INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHS.

A SERMON BY REV. ROBERT COLLYER, NEW YORK.

"As the appearance of a flash of lightning."—Ezekiel i. 14.

I went on an evening, some time ago, to see what was to me a great wonder in one of our public halls. It was a collection of photographs taken on the turn of an instant, when we gathered in our city for a centennial celebration. They were flashed for us here against a great white curtain, as you know; and there was a pleasant comment touching each of them in its turn by one of our artists whose words on such themes I always love to hear.

And the object and subject that evening were both well fitted to draw such an audience, if that was all we cared for, to match the pictures on the curtain with those which had caught our eye that day, have them bring all things to our remembrance, and then to wonder whether this flash through which the thing was done can make the shadows abide, so that, when another hundred years have come and gone, those who are living then will be able to gather as we did and see once more the great panorama on land and water which vanished for us in the watching.

To do this, and then to think of the words they will still be reading, "The fashion of this world passeth away," but still to say, The heavens abide, and the earth and man; to smile at some things they will see, and, it may be, weep at some; to see here and there a face they seem to know, as my old friend saw one in his audience, when he was preaching away out on the prairies in the West,—a face which haunted him through all the sermon as that of a familiar friend who had long ago gone to her rest; to come down when the sermon was over, and say to the woman, If I did not know Mary had been in heaven so many years, I should be ready to believe she was here to-day, and she answered, I am Mary of the third generation,—this was my thought as I sat in the hall that evening, watching the lights and shadows those deft and cunning hands had caught and held for us; but still the greater wonder lay within the passing show. What can be so fleeting as these on the water and in the sky on that April day? They were caught and held in these pictures, never abiding and never returning, just as they were that moment, to endure for a time we have not yet measured. So "who knoweth the way of a ship on the sea?" the ancient wisdom asks; and here was one answer. These ships were caught and held for us, with their flags flying in the wind, with the smoke pouring from their guns, with the sailors on the cross-trees and the citizens on deck. And on the land as on the water here was the same wonder: we were caught and held, as the clouds were in the sky, and the curl on the waves and the spray. The look in your eyes was there, and the turn of your hand on its errand to your comrade or friend. The remark was on your lips, and the smile on your face, or the frown: only I saw no frown that I remember in the whole succession of the pictures. The foot was arrested tiptoe in the military step where five hundred marched as one. The banners were flying in the wind again, and the shadows chased the lights. The music was in the air: you could almost feel the reverberation, as the deaf do. There it was; and we were there caught and held to appear on the white curtain while these things endure:

"The passing show, the fair spring morn,
The streets, the trees, the blossomed thorn,—
These, and far greater things, but caught
Like these, and to the curtain brought
The outward semblance made to give
Enduring life to those that live.

And, choosing each his moment well,
Shadow and light their story tell."

Done in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, there we were,—in our royal youth, in our white age, in our habit as we lived that day, and with the life on our lips and in our eyes. The passing of an instant, and all unawares the picture of a century taken "as the appearance of a flash of lightning."

But I have said the greater wonder to me lay within the passing show, as it opened then and since then, and asked this question, May there not be a good and true lesson for us all in this which was and is now no more save as it is cast against the curtain? an intimation of the way our lives may be caught in a picture or in a gallery of them, our fellows will bend over in a tender pride or in a sore dismay long after we have done with it all and gone our ways. We walk through this world and life, or stand and gaze, with no more thought of this befalling us than we had that day; take our place in the great procession of life and time each one, and then in a moment the delicate silvered glass is made ready for us in some human spirit, the light flashes on it, the slide goes home, and there we stand. There we stand with the leer in our eyes, or the look in them God's angels love to see; and, with the ban or the benediction on our lips, the very essence of what we are is caught and hidden away, and the work is done. We should make up a face and fall into a posture if we could but be aware of what was coming; but this can never be. This watcher wants the man or woman within all the masks. So he bides his time, takes the picture and hides it away; and then the time may come when it will be cast against the great white curtain, so that all who care to look shall see the real man or woman.

Nor can I think this is some mere freak of my own imagination, when I explore the treasure-trove of such pictures taken through all time, and notice how one swift flash, "as the appearance of a flash of lightning," is about all we have of great numbers; but the flash reveals the man or woman in their *habit*, as they lived and moved and had their being.

In our Bible—the one book in all the world to me which is honest as the day—it is all we have of Enoch, who walked with God. He has no word to say to us, and does nothing save this; but I seem to want no more. The quiet, simple presence rises before me with that light in the eyes and on the face we have all seen in those who walk with God; and so I do not wonder when the end comes that it should be no end at all, but the beginning rather, as when sunset meets sunrise on the far North Cape on the midsummer night.

So it is again with Lot's wife. She has no word to say to us, and we do not even know her name, while all she does is done in that supreme moment when she grows hard, poor soul, and bitter as the bitumen, what time she cannot tear herself away from her burning home, cannot hear the cries of her children or the imploring of her husband, but must linger by the wreck and ruin. And there, in the fatal moment, the picture is taken; and there she stands forever with the agony in her eyes, and becomes to the Eastern imagination a pillar of salt.

So the watcher with the glass waits for the prophet again, who beats the dumb beast while it turns its speaking eyes on him in pain and wonder to plead against the cruel strokes. Those eyes speak forever now, and the man sits there forever to point a truth we may all take to our hearts: that even an ass in the right is nobler than a prophet in the wrong, and that is not an easy lesson for the most of us to learn, if I may make the guess.

So the light flashes on Job again as he sits on the ashes of his harried home, and moans out his marvellous monologues of "providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate." There he is forever with the pained and perplexed soul in him laid bare, and somehow we do not care much for him in the years that come before or after: this is the accepted time for the picture. It flashes on Miriam as she stands with her hands lifted, striking the timbrels and singing her grand song of deliverance from the hosts and the sea; and on Deborah, sitting under the palm-tree judging Israel and imparting courage to the captain to deliver the tribes, while Jonah flees from duty to doom, returning from doom to duty to sit under the withered gourd, and be taught of God the great lesson of his loving-kindness and tender mercy to those that know not their right hand from their left.

It flashes frequently on David, who was so many men in one, and so sends down many portraits,—of the shepherd boy on the hills, singing his forever lovely psalm; the young soldier, armed for battle with a stone and a sling; the hapless young husband, robbed of his wife; the king in the presence of the prophet after the great transgression; the heart-broken father mourning for his sons. Many a picture is taken by a flash of David, the shepherd, psalmist, soldier, statesman, sinner, and saint,—the man who could swear like a trooper and praise like a seraph, take vengeance out of the Lord's hands into his own, to see how his curses came down on his own head and his sins turned to serpents by his own hearthstone, to find nothing of any worth at last but penitence for his sin, the infinite pity and love of God, and a manful striving after a better life. Turn where we will in the Bible, we are sure to find our sun pictures gleaming and burning with the life they must reveal. Beautiful or base, it makes no matter to the honest old book, and the sensitive silvered glass, while time only brings out into sharper relief the divine or infernal lights and shadows his tooth can do nothing to destroy or mar.

And in the life which draws us nearer home, when we turn from that little nook of the world, in parable or story, we still find these pictures which reveal the man or woman whole and, as we say, "all there." The light flashes on the matchless old Greek in his prison, rubbing the poor limb from which the fetter has been shorn away, what time he holds high converse with his friends, while the cup he must drink presently to his death stands there on the table,—he sits in the light forever. And on the good Alfred, the Saxon, by his mother's knee, bending in wonder over the beautiful Gospels; in the herdsman's hut, musing over his woe-stricken kingdom while the cakes burn he should have minded, and the good housewife gives him a piece of her mind,—not true, you say: then, I answer, it ought to be, and so *it is*,—Alfred stealing into the camp of the heathen, where those that had desolated his people required of him a song; stealing out again to call his England to arms, restoring peace to the kingdom, establishing the churches, enriching the schools, making his land and ours shine with law and order, with devoutness and scholarship, and then going to his rest. We have many pictures of Alfred: they reveal the manifold man. He wist not it would be so; but the lights were flashing here and yonder that the pictures might be done for all the ages to see, and he did not care. Why should he? Alfred was safe.

And on Bruce, the king, rising from his couch of straw in the barn, when the spider succeeds at the fourteenth trial, to go forth to try again and make his Scotland free at Bannockburn. On John Knox in the presence of the queen and her minions, hurling at them the thunderbolts of his righteous wrath. On Cromwell at Dunbar and Marston Moor, and in the presence of the derelict commons growling, Take that bawble away. On Luther, standing to his answer at Worms, and crying, I cannot do otherwise, so help me God! On Wesley, standing on his father's gravestone to ring out the glad tidings when they had barred the doors of the church. And on Channing, hastening to the Court House in Boston to sit down beside the man they had dragged through the streets of the great free city—the mother city of our freedom—because he would break the yoke of the slave. And on John Brown, staying to kiss the little child as he marches to the gallows with his heart as high as on the day he went to his wedding.

On Mary Ware, the lovely sister of our faith, at Darlington, in Durham, not caring for her errand to see the great motherland, but staying her feet that she might nurse the poor creatures in their fever-stricken homes. And Florence Nightingale, standing before those doors in the Crimea bolted fast with red tape, while the men were dying for food and medicine, and saying quietly, "Bring the axes and cut down those doors." And on Mother Bickerdyke, we knew so well, in the West, kindling her fires in the roar of the battle to make soup and coffee for "her boys"; and, when one in command said, "Who ordered you to make those fires?" answered, "God Almighty, sir," and went on with her work for the boys, blessing and blest.

There they stand in the wider world and life we know of, never suspecting again the presence of the wonderful silvered glass. Then the slide moves, the light flashes, the thing is done; and the man or woman is taken to stand against the great white cur-

tain of time. Taken for a few years, it may be, or a century, or a millennium, we cannot tell, only that, as in this prophet's vision, the living creatures ran and returned as a flash of lightning; and the rings of the wheels were full of eyes.

And so the truth stands for us, all I would love to tell this morning. These lives of ours, also, are not so much a chronicle, when we reach the heart of the mystery, as a picture or a succession of pictures taken in "a term as brief as the wave's poise before it breaks in foam," and then hidden away in some human heart or memory, so that I shall never suspect this was done to me for honor or shame.

Unaware of it as the lark was Shelley heard singing far up in the heavens; but he sings forever now. He can never be silent until the great and beautiful genius which caught him on the wing has passed away into nothingness and night. Unaware of it as the good parson was, or the poor "wydowe in a poor cottage," standing in a dale, in Chaucer's matchless gallery, there they stand, fresh and fair, after five hundred years have come and gone.

So, indeed, it is true, as the Master says, there is nothing secret which shall not be revealed or hidden which shall not be made known; while these pictures taken of us, as I said, have nothing to do with my posturing or contriving about the way I shall look when I am cast against the white curtain. The living creatures which come and go and flash the lightning take the man unmasked. I may be destined to live in some obscure corner and die there; but, as surely as I live and die, I have stood for my picture, —my picture, which will be noble or base as I am myself, or be blended of both as I am myself, or as he was who sang the great psalms of the ages, so that those who possess the likeness will say, as Father Taylor said of Webster when he was dead, "He was hardly good enough to keep, but too good to throw away." Neither for good nor evil can I live my life and escape the sensitive silvered glass, or, as we hear men say sometimes, cover my tracks. These, in the solemn issues of my life and yours, are like those footprints of the birds caught in the soft mud, it may be, a hundred thousand years ago. The slime hardened into rock, the rock sank and rose again; and now the master restores the bird, they tell me, from the footprint in the rock.

But, in touching this truth, I must not forget another I saw in those pictures that night, as they were cast against the great white curtain. I saw no evil look on any face, so far as I now remember, or "hateful smirk of boundless self-conceit, which seems to take possession of the world, and make of God our tame confederate, purveyor of our appetites." Many of them were anything but comely, and some were ploughed and scarred; but they were at their best, and not at their worst, and so I caught the truth on the wing that, while I cannot cheat these watchers, they cannot cheat me and make me seem worse than I am, if I seem no better. So, if there is a real grain of good in me, this is what they have to wait for and watch for, as the mother watches her wayward son, or the wife her husband, or the friend his friend. They wait for the moment when the good overmasters the evil, when the soul of goodness in things evil comes up to breathe: then the light flashes on us as the appearance of a flash of lightning, and we go our ways, unaware of what was done; but the picture is there in their heart, all right. It is the loyalty of heaven and the angels of the burning wheels to the poor grains of worth in the dust and chaff, and I may be winnowed down to that; but there is the tiny store of the good seed of the kingdom, there the bit of real gold within the dross.

It was about all there was in Peter once on a time, and in the woman who wept at His feet who was so good to her and gracious; but the great divine heart in him saw the gold within the dross, and what he saw God sees. So I must not be disheartened or over-fearful that, in the bitter battle between what the apostle calls the law in my members and the law in my mind, I shall have to stand as the evil one, if there is any heart in me of real striving for the divine image and likeness, or that these watchers with the silvered glass are waiting round a corner somewhere to take me at my worst, to flash the light on me then alone, and say, This is the man, or this the woman. In all the world and all time you shall find this to be true, and we can almost say this only: that in our human life, as in other treasures, we love best to

find the gold in the dross and shard; and so on this ground also we may gladly believe that the dogma of our total human depravity is a grosser affront to Heaven than it can be to you and me. I would not tamper with the evil things, the sins and shames, God knows, or call black white in their interest. We must hate sin in all its incarnations, and be sure that only fools make a mock at sin. But here is the truth we should always remember: that in God's great garden, which lies outside all the fences we have to make and maintain, that the fairest and best may bloom and ripen, there is not one worthless weed,—*not one.* And so I was glad to hear the low, sweet note of the gospel of nature, shall I say, in the word of a very noble woman, one day, who said she loved to watch the exquisite color, when the spring comes, of what we call a skunk cabbage. There was beauty and grace for her in a thing like that. But all the more is this truth to be taken to heart when we give our heart to all goodness and truth. We may feel sad, then, and weary, and say: What is the use? it is as when wheat is sown on the granite. It is not true, the picture is taken strong and clear on the hearts prepared to receive it, and cast in God's good time against the white curtain. We are "children of the light and the day."

Are you standing true to your trust, then, for the nobler picture,—you men and women, you merchants and men of affairs, artists, artisans, teachers, learners, lone men, lone women, mothers in the home, and fathers? Believe me, it is all right. There are galleries of you in the good human heart, taken at your best and all unawares; and what others have you have. It is the holy law of life and of God. Yes, and there may be no word to hearten and inspire you. I cannot be sure about that. Or you may tread the wine-press alone, and another may drink the wine. I do not know about that. But your faith in life, in the truth, in goodness, in God, waits for the true moment; and then, all unawares to us, the glass is ready, the slide shifts silently, and the picture is taken for blessing, when we, as we say so blindly, "are no more." Every true man and woman is so caught and held for the world's diviner life. No such endeavor is only as the shadows which were passing over the waters and the land on that day of the great celebration. Some true word you say, some right, good thing you do, the essence of your very self at your best, is arrested and held as the bright waters were then, and the flying banners, and the sunlight on the presence of the great multitudes. It flashes the true fatherhood and motherhood on the hearts of the children who cannot keep a chronicle, but can only take impressions and pictures; and then, in long years after they are done, they come out and shine on the white curtain in the light that never lay on land or sea, and so never you fear that the picture will be false if the life and love be true. And so may we all believe. The reformer who stands on the first line in the forlorn hope of some truth which will win the world to its banner; the forlorn martyr who cannot die, and yet dies daily; the faithful and true witness whose church counts just one member, and, as he dreams, will die when he dies,—these, and more than I can name in all the world and in all the ages, they stand against the white curtain, not having received the promise, but seeing it afar off. And in all the world and all the ages there they stand also, the watchers with the good silvered glass. The slide is shifted, the light flashes, the picture is taken; and the world and all our life grow more divine and good as we look on them cast against the great white curtain of time. *He* in whom we live and move and have our being has not left us to wonder how the thing will come out; for

> "All things once, are things forever.
> Soul once living lives forever.
> Blame not what is only once,
> When that once endures forever.
> Love once felt, though soon forgot,
> Moulds the heart to good forever."

The worst thing about a narrow Orthodoxy is that it produces an equally narrow anti-Orthodoxy.

Every one must know that his best life is his silent life, his truest growth his silent growth. What I wear outside amounts to little. What I am, what is my life, myself, is inside; and inside is all the work done that fashions me. The soul is not made as the statue is, with click of hammer and chip of chisel from without; but the soul is made of its own ingrowth, as a peach is

WHAT CAN THE MORE PROSPEROUS DO FOR THE LESS PROSPEROUS?

I.

WHAT NOT TO DO.

In discussing this question, I shall start with two assumptions: first, that something can be done; and, secondly, that something ought to be done. I repudiate entirely Prof. Sumner's position that what social classes owe one another is simply for each man to mind his own business and let whosoever is going to the devil go there. Such *laissez-faire* doctrine I regard as no more scientific than it is Christian. Whatever wealth any well-to-do American possesses to-day has not been gained by his individual exertions, but by the providential bounty of God, by the joint wit and work of society at large, and by the splendid bequests of the toil, arts, science, and inventiveness of the generations that have preceded us. And, whatever our poorer classes suffer from their poverty in the way of disease, ignorance, shiftlessness, incompetence, or tendency to crime and vice, is a burden and a pest that their more favored neighbors also cannot escape from being injured by more or less. You may say, like Gallio, "I care for none of these things." But, if you do not relieve or prevent them voluntarily, then the poor-rate and the prison taxes, the epidemic, the burglar, and the thief will bring you your deserved retribution.

We have, then, a duty and an interest in this matter. Let us bethink ourselves what can be done.

Never, I suppose, have there been more confident and more numerous answers given to this question than to-day. Communism, socialism, collectivism, the single tax, free trade, colonization, the stoppage of immigration, anarchism, the nationalization of industry, eight-hour laws, the abolition of interest, free coinage of silver, each offers the world its patent social cure-all. I do not purpose to go at all into a discussion of these wholesale and revolutionary remedies which, in the year 2000 or 3000 or 4000, according to the relative fervidness of the social prophet's imagination, promise to put us all by statutory or constitutional magic into a blissful Utopia. I want to take up the problem at the near end, and ask what, here and now, we can and ought to do about it. What can we as individuals, without waiting for legislature, Congress, or constitutional conventions to turn society upside down, wisely do to relieve the present friction, to narrow the gap between rich and poor, to save us all from the injury and danger that come from extreme poverty? and, especially, how can we help the far larger and more important class of industrious but struggling workingmen, whose interests are usually quite forgotten, from being crowded downward into destitution?

Let me begin, then, by telling you a few things which the well-to-do ought *not* to do. Don't,—and I wish to make this don't very emphatic,—don't give alms indiscriminately to every beggar who buttonholes you in the street or pulls your door-bell at night. Don't open a soup-house and ladle out broth free to every one who applies. Do not go through the slums, throwing your dollars right and left wherever the rags and the filth and the bareness look the worst. At the end of a year of this, the signs of poverty will be more woe-begone than ever. Such treatment of poverty fosters it instead of curing it. To give alms outright and indiscriminately to paupers has well been described as but spreading the compost on the weeds to make them grow the ranker. For, when alms are thus doled out without inquiry, they who are most lazy and vagrant, who tell the biggest lies and keep their rooms looking most filthy and forlorn, get the biggest share of such alms. The idle and the thriftless naturally tend to become more idle and thriftless, and their children become accustomed to depend on beggary rather than on their honest labor for maintenance. The honest, self-respecting poor are discouraged by the easier life of those who are thus encouraged in beggary; and also,—what is apt to be quite forgotten,—when 10,000 well-to-do people in a large city give away $50 apiece each year in alms, there is just that amount ($500,000) deducted from the annual income spent in paying the services of the industrious or in the capital employed in keeping the wheels of honest labor in motion. The indiscriminate alms-giver means well, but it is with just such good intentions that hell itself is paved. A similar interdict, also, and even if possible a more stringent one, should be

put on public outdoor relief by municipal government. It discourages the efforts of the struggling poor to support themselves. The increase of taxes that it necessitates helps to crowd the worthy laborers, already near the brink of destitution, over that brink. For, though this class are supposed to pay no taxes, yet in the form of higher rent and dearer food they always have to bear a relatively heavier burden of taxation than any other class in the community. Public relief in the pauper's home is only adding fuel to the fire. In Providence in 1878 the demand had swelled to $150,000. The next year a labor test reduced the demand at once to $7,333. In Brooklyn, previous to 1878, $119,000 was annually distributed. In Philadelphia about as much. But, when this outdoor relief was entirely stopped, the result was no increase in suffering among the poor, and no increase either in the demands on private charity.

In the second place, don't crowd the working-people to the wall by your competition. Don't embroider or crochet or sketch or do fine sewing for the shop-keepers at half price, just to get a little pocket money. Don't trim bonnets for a dollar apiece, as I heard of a genteel lady doing two winters ago, or take a place in an office as typewriter, as I was told a rich banker's daughter had done, just to "have something to do."

Don't let your Ladies' Parish Circles or Dorcas Societies themselves do sewing which they might pay some poor seamstress to do for them. Don't listen to Tolstoï's wild panacea for the ill of society,—to dismiss from their posts the great army of servants and work-people and cobble your own shoes and mow your lawn with your own hands, when you have the money to hire some one else, and the mental ability to do some higher and rarer kind of work for the world. That is but glutting the labor market and snatching the bread from the mouth of your weaker brother and sister.

On the other hand, do not live as an idler. That, again, is putting the burden of your support upon your neighbor. "Our ancestors," said a wise Chinese emperor, "considered it a maxim that, if there was one man who did not labor and one woman who altogether failed to spin, then there was some one in the Empire who suffered from hunger and cold." That is a golden sentence which every member of our fashionable four hundred and their army of satellites ought to hang up in their bed-chamber and look at every morning. But, if they cannot put their brains and culture to any better use than to usurp the place of some day laborer or petty clerk, their education has been thrown away.

Thirdly, do not, if you are an employer, screw your work-people down to the lowest notch that the crowded labor market permits or that will keep the man who needs a job from bare starvation. Remember that the laborer is worthy of his hire,—of a fair day's wages for a fair day's work, enough to keep him well fed and decently clothed and to bring up his children in respectability and with a chance of an education. Or, if you are to be ranked among the customers of trade rather than its managers, don't haunt the bargain-counters, don't haggle with shop-keepers for a special under-cut and reduction in price, to be trumpeted about among all your friends as a proof of your sagacity and economy. Remember that, when any article is sold under a fair price and a living profit, some one pays the discount; and generally it is some one who can much less afford it than yourself. It is the poor working-people, the slop-shop toilers in the garrets, who have to pay this discount.

Fourthly, do not, by your meek subservience to every whimsey of the dressmakers and the tailors or transient fad of the smart set, hang the yoke of fashion on the neck of those who can ill afford it. At the present day a garment is not half worn out before it must be ripped apart and made over again, in some different style, at a cost to the purse and the vexed spirit that is very heavy. And this is not half. To this waste of material and labor must be added greater waste of the dislocations of manufacture and industrial processes. The loss from this in a single year, due to the mutations of fashion at Paris (which the whole civilized world now seems to feel bound to follow), is probably greater than was caused by the great Boston fire of 1873. A recent striking instance is the decadence and embarrassment of the great manufacturing establishment of Saltaire in England (the mills and model village, built and conducted

by Sir Titus Salt, on the most enlightened economic, social, and philanthropic principles). For almost a score of years this great industrial enterprise, devoted to the alpaca trade, in its various forms, has had great success and gathered a large community of workmen about it. But the weathercock of fashion, with one-half revolution of its capricious vane, has now cast a deadly blight upon the great establishment. Every time the styles change from satin to alpaca, from alpaca to silk, from lace to ribbon, from crinoline to the hoopless skirt, from straw to felt hats, or vice versa, thousands of work-people who have spent years in mastering some special trade are thrown out of employment. This month there is a feverish activity in all the mills and shops, breaking down the operatives with overwork; and in a few months more come deadening idleness and the necessity of learning some new trade that fashion has commanded. Most justly says Prof. Marshall, the distinguished political economist, "Every one who changes the material of her dress simply at the bid of fashion sins against the spirit of art. But she also probably adds to the wreck of human lives that is caused by the hungry pining for work." *

Fifthly, avoid consuming an excessive share of the world's wealth,—especially consuming it extravagantly, precipitately, and unproductively. Some modern economists prescribe to the rich man who would help forward the general welfare the very plainest manner of living, in order that he may add his savings to his capital and multiply the manufactories that may produce an abundance of the necessaries of life for the great public.

I do not agree with this. Since modern invention has made the giant strides that it has in the present century, the trouble is not simply to produce enough of the necessaries of life, but also, quite as much, to get them distributed. A small fraction of the working-people of the United States can produce enough, and more than enough, to meet the simpler wants of the whole in the way of food, clothing, and shelter. For example, 950 work-people in a Lowell mill, as Mr. Edward Atkinson states, can make all the cotton cloth that half a million people use; and one hand in a modern shoe-shop can make all the shoes and boots a thousand people need in a year.

In these two great articles of wear, 175,000 workmen can clothe and shoe the United States. The question, then, is not merely how to produce enough, but how to get it distributed; and the chief agency in this is the demand of the well-to-do for something more than the mere necessaries of life. In the comfortable furnishing of a modern house, in the maintenance of a gentleman's estate, there is employment given to worthy labor that is far more helpful to the working class, I believe, than the giving of the same sum in charity. Whatever expenditure among the well-to-do may be considered reproductive—whatever helps, *i.e.*, to keep them in healthful activity of body and mind, so as to be efficient and fruitful helpers on in the world's work—is a legitimate expenditure. And also the expenditure which, though not directly reproductive, is of a pretty permanent character, so that, after the first owner is through with it, it descends to his successors, or succeeding generations, or the public at large, and so adds to the durable common stock of the world, is entirely legitimate. The purchase, *e.g.*, of a beautiful gem, a good book, etching, or engraving, a noble statue, a beautiful painting, or a fine piece of china or furniture which becomes an heirloom,—any lasting contribution to the general stock of products,—both keeps labor employed and adds to the general and permanent wealth of the world.

But, on the other hand, any excessive consumption of perishable things, which have no reproductive tendency,—the extravagant apparel, the luxurious dinner, prodigal displays of flowers and lavish consumption of high-priced wines, bonbons, fruits, table delicacies, to squander a thousand dollars on a banquet or ten thousand on a ball,—all these things are unquestionably harmful. When a gourmand and his half-dozen friends consume in an hour a hundred or two hundred dollars' worth of canvas-back ducks, terrapin stew, Chateau Lafitte at five dollars a bottle and Johannisberg at fifteen,—they are consuming the equivalent of fifty or one hundred days' labor. When a leader of fashion or a young society bud

* Page 42, "Purse and Conscience."

destroys in the mazes of the dance or the crush of a reception a lace skirt worth three thousand dollars, there is consumed in a day the equivalent of five or six years' labor, and labor of the most tedious and injurious kind. They have perished merely to secure the evanescent sensation of an hour, and have involved with them the loss of just so much industry and capital that, if not thus diverted, might have been engaged in producing food, clothing, and other necessaries for the common people. Such superfluous and boastful profusion is doubly mischievous. It is mischievous economically, inasmuch as, by its prodigal consumption and its diversion of industry from productive to non-productive lines of work, it makes the necessaries of life to the common people scarcer and higher. And it is injurious morally, inasmuch as by its excesses and ostentation it destroys the simple and natural enjoyments of life, and by its mischievous example it encourages still more extravagance and vanity in the larger class that always apes those above them. By its revolting contrasts between the magnificence of the froth of society and the misery of its dregs it fosters bitter envy, hatred, and alienation of classes, continually threatening social disorder, and oftentimes breaking out in mob violence and depredation by those impoverished wretches whom this flaunting opulence goads to madness.

Such, then, are some of the things that the well-to-do should *not* do. What, then, *should* they do? This question I shall endeavor to answer in another article.

JAMES T. BIXBY.

Yonkers, N.Y.

BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A MEMORABLE EVENT.

One of the most impressive events in the history of America was that of the laying of the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument on the 17th of June, 1825. The stone was put in its place by Lafayette: the orator was Daniel Webster. Rev. John S. Brown, of Lawrence, Kan., now eighty-seven years of age, who as a young man witnessed that historic event, recently gave an address in the Unitarian church of Lawrence, recalling vividly and with eloquent words the scenes and utterances of that memorable day. The church was crowded, and the local papers published the address in full. We are glad to be able to give it to our readers, for not only New Englanders, but patriotic Americans everywhere, will read it with interest. Mr. Brown's address was as follows:—

The celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill, and the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the monument, to commemorate that event, took place on the 17th of June, 1825. This dramatic scene I wish to present to you this evening as it lies fresh in my memory. I was then a youth of nineteen, and saw everything with a clear eye and quick apprehension; and I think the vision has been little dimmed by age. From 1824 to 1827 I was a resident of Boston. This long looked for and eventful day was ushered in by the roar of cannon and beat of drum and the peal of church bells. Everybody in the city seemed to be early astir. The streets were thronged by multitudes hurrying to and fro. The troops were gathering on the common where the procession was forming. The military escort was composed of sixteen companies of infantry, and an equally large body of cavalry, all volunteers and in full uniform. The feeble and aged Revolutionary soldiers, some forty in number, followed the military in eight carriages. Behind these marched two hundred officers and soldiers of the Revolution with conspicuous badges, on which was stamped "Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775." Then followed the Bunker Hill Monument Association in full number. Daniel Webster, orator of the day, was president of this association. He, with several other distinguished men, rode in a barouche drawn by four horses. The Masons, two thousand strong, with their white aprons and other regalia, came next. They were followed by the grand encampment of the Knights Templar of Rhode Island, Connecticut, Vermont, Maine, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts. Mingled with these or perhaps marching in front were the Royal Arch Masons and various subordinate chapters and lodges. To this Masonic procession was attached a full band of music. Now comes the chaplain of the day, the venerable Dr. Thaxter, attended by Dr. Kirkland, president of Cambridge college, and

other eminent divines. Behind these were Gen. Lafayette in an open coach with uncovered head, with Gen. Lallemand of Philadelphia by his side. Then the general's son, George Washington Lafayette, and the general's suite in an open carriage. Then came his Excellency, Levi Lincoln, governor of Massachusetts, members of the Senate and House of Representatives, the governors of the several New England States, some of the secretaries of the United States under the administration of John Quincy Adams, the President who was conspicuous in the procession. Then came the butchers in their white frocks, and the draymen mounted on their strong horses. Finally came a vast throng of citizens in platoons, and keeping step to the beat of the drum, the clang of cymbals, and the sound of fife and clarinet. You may well imagine that this was a grand display. The procession marched through several of the principal streets of Boston. The interest of the scene was intensified by thousands of people, men, women, and children, who thronged the sidewalks, stood at every open door, gazed through every raised window, and sought every available space to witness the spectacle. It seemed as if no spot where a human foot could plant itself was left unoccupied. Even the churches along the route had been opened, and their windows were filled with human faces.

The national flag was displayed all along the line of march. The ladies waved their white handkerchiefs, and cheer after cheer saluted the ears of the old soldiers, and of Lafayette, the nation's guest, and of the great men and high officials of state and nation. The grand procession was more than two miles long, and the front of it had already reached Charlestown Bridge before the rear had left Boston Common. I seem to see those moving columns, that mass of human beings, as I saw them nearly sixty-eight years ago, on that bright, sunny, cloudless, summer day, when the earth was clothed in green and all nature seemed clad in robes of beauty.

Language fails to describe that grand drama which was enacted before a countless multitude on that memorable day. I see the old soldiers, with musket, knapsack, powder-horn, and canteen, the veritable equipments which they carried fifty years before, marching up the hill with a step almost as quick and firm as that of young soldiers hastening to the battlefield. They forget they are old men. They are full of life and animation and patriotic ardor. They are treading on the very ground that drank their blood and the blood of their comrades fifty years before. I now turn to another scene. I see Lafayette, with his white apron and mason's trowel in hand, laying the corner-stone of that obelisk which shall perpetuate the deeds of heroic men on this battlefield for liberty and the rights of man. "Let it rise! Let it rise till it meet the sun in his coming; let the light, earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play upon its summit." This is a scene for a painter. Lafayette came to America a youth of nineteen, so imbued with the love of freedom that he is prompted to leave his wife and infant child, his happy home and native land, and cross the ocean to aid the American people at a most critical moment, when they almost despaired of achieving their independence. I see him bending to his work to lay strong and deep the corner-stone of a monument which shall perpetuate the memory of heroic deeds on this first great battlefield of the Revolution. I see him, a tall, broad-shouldered man, with a full, florid, and smoothly shaven face, large and expressive eyes, a commanding look, and a personality that would attract attention anywhere and everywhere. Young men and old, women, and little children could love and trust him. During the year 1824, when, as the nation's guest, he visited each of the twenty-four States of the Union, "Welcome, welcome, Lafayette!" was shouted all along the line of his travel. It was shouted in every hamlet and town and village through which he passed. The shout came not from lips alone, but from the very depths of the heart. The school-children would gather around him in every place where he stopped for an hour. Mothers would present their babes to him for a kiss, which he never refused to give. I have the following narrative from the pen of my old friend, Amos A. Parker, of Fitzwilliam, now living at the advanced age of one hundred and one years, who served as escort to Lafayette as he journeyed through New Hampshire. "The general took tea with Gov. Morrell at his residence, dropped in to hear the New

Hampshire Musical Society a few moments, and attended a grand levee in the area of the State House and State House yard. At this levee I introduced my wife and first-born child to the general, and announced his name to be George Washington. He shook hands with the wife, took the child in his arms, and impressed a kiss on his cheek, looked at the mother and then at the child, and in a subdued voice said, 'I am reminded of the loved and lost.' I knew it reminded him of his own beloved wife—his first-born child, and his noble friend, Washington,—all dead. So impressive was the scene the mother wept as well as himself, and could not speak of it in after life without tears. An impulsive man, of strong and deep sympathies like Lafayette, must needs have deep sorrows as well as great joys." Again, Mr. Parker thus writes: "In an interview with him he inquired if I had published an account of his reception at Concord; and, being answered in the affirmative, he requested a copy, and said he had obtained as many of the accounts of his visits as he well could, so that on his return to France he might live the scenes over again, and call to mind the many friends he had left behind. On handing him a copy, he gave it to his secretary; and so I suppose a copy of the *New Hampshire Statesman* is quietly resting in the library of Lagrange."

From this short sketch of Lafayette you will see ample reason for the love and respect which the American people showed him while he was their guest. The farewell address of the President, John Quincy Adams, closes with these touching words: "At the painful moment of parting from you we take comfort at the thought that, wherever you may be, to the last pulsation of your heart, our country will be ever present to your affections; and a cheering consolation assures us that we are not called to sorrow most of all that we shall see your face no more. We shall indulge the pleasing anticipation of seeing our friend again. In the mean time, speaking in the name of the whole of the United States, and at a loss only for language to give utterance to that feeling of attachment with which the heart of the nation beats as the heart of one man, I bid you a reluctant and affectionate farewell." Lafayette replies: "God bless you, sir, and all who surround us. God bless the American people, each of their States and the federal government. Accept the patriotic farewell of an overflowing heart: such will be its last throb when it ceases to beat." Friends, I could not speak more briefly of this great and good man.

Now for a moment I will call your attention to New England's favorite son, Daniel Webster. He is the orator of the day. He is now forty-three years of age. As America in the patriotic fervor which had not now been chastened seemed to tower superior to all other nations, so towered Webster above all other men. No man, as Sydney Smith said, could be so great as this man looked; and now he looked his very greatest. To describe him as he stood that day on the platform, we must enlist the poets as reporters,—"The front of Jove himself," the godlike, "an eye like Mars, to threaten and command." And below were the Atlantean shoulders fit to bear the mightiest monarchies; and, if so, then also the weight of that mightiest of republics, which was to throw them into the shade. There he stands. I see him now, strong, erect, self-poised, with raven, glossy hair, deep-set eyes, and commanding presence. Hear, he speaks: "If the true spark of civil and religious liberty be once kindled, it will burn: human agency cannot extinguish it. Like the earth's central fires, it may be smothered for a time: the ocean may overwhelm it, mountains may press it down, but its inherent and unconquerable force will heave both the ocean and the land; and at some time or another, in some place or another, the volcano will break out and flame up to heaven." Now Bunker Hill claps her hands, and the multitude shouts applause, and Tri-mountain and the surrounding hills fling back the echo. It was a proud moment for the speaker. He closes his oration with good advice, and pertinent to us: "Let our age be an age of improvement. In a day of peace let us advance the arts of peace and the works of peace. Let us develop the resources of our land, call forth its powers, build up its institutions, promote all its great interests, and see whether we also, in our day and generation, may not perform something worthy to be remembered. Let us cultivate a true spirit of union and harmony. In pursuing the great objects which our condition points

out to us, let us act under a settled conviction and an habitual feeling that these twenty-four States are one country. Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over the whole vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country. And by the blessing of God may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace, and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever."

The platform on which the orator stood was erected under a large pavilion covered with flowers, and had a cool and breezy appearance. It was erected at the foot of the hill; and the seats in front were arranged in a semi-circle, forming a kind of amphitheatre. The ladies were seated at the right and left of the speaker. The old soldiers of the Revolution were seated nearest the platform and directly in front. Behind these, and farther up, were seated the multitudes who had formed the procession. Still higher up and remoter from the speaker were seated the great army of citizens who had gathered to this focal point of interest from all parts of the country, to hear the oration and see the grand spectacle.

Upon the outer fringe of this amphitheatre stood a mass of people, earnest and expectant waiters for the orator to arise and begin his speech. I, with two companions from the country, had the good fortune to direct our steps and take our stand directly back of the pavilion, where we had a good bird's-eye view of the splendid panorama. We were in a good position to see and hear Mr. Webster.

We could see the fair forms and faces of the dames of Boston and vicinity. We could see the eager faces and the earnest, attentive look of the old soldiers. When Mr. Webster addressed them "Venerable men," they rose and stood as by a common impulse. They stood fixed like statues till the orator ceased to address them.

I may here remark that when Mr. Webster arose and began his oration, those who were standing on the outskirts of the vast auditorium made a rush to gain a more central and eligible position for hearing the speaker. This movement caused a momentary panic. The guards, constables, and marshals of the day endeavored in vain to keep order. Mr. Webster now steps forward, and with one of his commanding looks, and with a voice of thunder called to the marshals: "Be silent yourselves, and the people will obey." The commotion ceases almost instantly, and Mr. Webster commences once more his oration.

As a prelude to the oration, when perfect silence brooded over the great assemblage, venerable Dr. Thaxter, the chaplain of Col. Prescott's regiment, rose to offer prayer. His voice was tremulous with age as he raised it here again to offer the thanksgivings of another generation. After the prayer Mr. Pierpont's beautiful and patriotic hymn was sung to the tune of "Old Hundred." The great congregation joined the choir. The effect was grand beyond description. In the fourth verse the music died away to the softest strains, and toward the conclusion swelled again to notes of solemn grandeur. After the regular exercises of the day were concluded there was a sumptuous dinner prepared, at which more than four thousand guests sat down. At its close patriotic toasts abounded. Lafayette gave the following: "Bunker Hill and the holy resistance to oppression which has already enfranchised the American hemisphere. The next half-century's toast shall be to enfranchised Europe." This prophecy has not yet been fulfilled, but it will be. So says the patriotic and truly republican heart of this generation.

Just eighteen years after this fiftieth celebration of the battle of Bunker Hill it was my good fortune to be present at another celebration. It was to celebrate the completion of the monument. To those of our young people or our old people who have never seen this mighty structure a description of it may be interesting. It is thirty feet in diameter at its base, and fifteen at the top of the truncated part: thence it contracts suddenly, and on its apex is placed a cap-stone four feet square at the base and three feet six inches in height, weighing two and a half tons. The exact height of the monument is two hundred and twenty-one feet. In this shaft there are ninety courses of Quincy granite, six of them being below the ground and eighty-four above the ground. Within there is a hollow cone with a spiral stairway winding

up to the summit. The area called Monument Square is enclosed with an iron fence, and comprises some six acres. The square has four gates or entrances, one on each side, is surrounded by a walk and rows of trees. As on the fiftieth anniversary of the battle, so on this sixty-eighth anniversary everything conspired to promote the success of the ceremonial. The day was uncommonly fine and cool for the season and perfectly clear. A vast cloud of witnesses had gathered. There were probably a hundred thousand on the ground, and half of that number were supposed to have been within reach of the speaker's voice. The ground rises slightly between the high raised platform on which Mr. Webster stood and the Monument Square, so that the whole of the immense concourse compactly crowded together, breathless with attention, swayed by one sentiment of admiration and delight, was within the full view of the orator. The position and the occasion were the height of the moral sublime. Said Mr. Webster, "It is not from my lips, it could not be from any human lips, that that strain of eloquence is this day to flow most competent to move and excite the vast multitude around me." The powerful speaker stands motionless before us,—he paused and pointed in silent admiration to the sublime structure, the audience burst into long and loud applause, and it was some moments before the speaker could go on with the address. I will repeat only the closing sentence of Mr. Webster's oration: "When both we and our children are consigned to the house for all the living, may love of country glow with equal fervor among those to whom our names and our blood shall have descended! And then when honored and decrepit age shall lean against the base of this monument, and troops of ingenuous youth shall be gathered round it, and when the one shall speak to the other of the object, the purpose of its construction and the great and glorious events with which it is connected, there shall rise from every youthful bosom the ejaculation, Thank God, I—I also am an American."

Christianity is not only deeper, higher, broader, better, than any other religion, but essentially different from every other in this: that its truth is so absolute and universal as to be fitted to become the religion of mankind.

THE WORD OF GOD

AS HEARD AT YALE COLLEGE TO-DAY.

The Lyman Beecher Lectures on Preaching are to be a power in the American pulpit hereafter. Strong men speak them; earnest men hear them; living men brood upon them throughout America. Indeed, their line is gone out through all the earth, and their word to the end of the world.

Preachers like Beecher, Storrs, Phillips Brooks, Principal Fairbairn, have set the standard high. But Rev. Robert F. Horton of London is not afraid to stand beside them; while his broad, true words at times make "Old Yale" almost hold her breath. Old Yale is, indeed, a thing of the past, when her grand Divinity School sends out such words as these.

"Verbum Dei," this book* now just published, is the word of a deeply earnest man, who himself believes in the Living God, and listens hour by hour to his Living Word.

The motto on the title-page from Hermann Schultz sounds the key-note of the book,—

Eine Religion welche sich noch entwickelt hat Propheten, eine vollendete nur Schriftgelehrte.

These are some of Mr. Horton's clear, living, unambiguous words:—

"A great period of Art occurs when men get back to Nature, and a few men of genius, generally men from the fresh-turned furrows and the bare ribs of earth, lay hands, ungloved by convention, on the reality of things."

"Every living creature must receive his message [the Word] in a communication direct from God; and the constant purpose of his life must be to receive it uncorrupted, and to deliver it without addition or subtraction."

"The Preacher is indeed a Prophet; that is, he is not merely a Reciter or Rhetorician; he is not merely a Lecturer or Philosopher; he is not, above all he is not, merely a Priest."

"The difficulty in the Church has seldom been to believe that the word *came*, but always to believe that it *comes*. Most of us are believers in a revelation that was,—few in a revelation that is."

---

* Macmillan & Co. New York and London. $1.50. pp. 300.

There is a far more serious

"This lecture will certainly have failed of its purpose if it leaves an impression that there was anything which ought to be regarded as exceptional or incapable of repetition in the Divine events and the personal communications from God through the Law and the Prophet." (p. 47.)

"I say there is no foundation in the Bible itself for the common practice of speaking of it as the Word of God. Boldly challenge those who thoughtlessly employ the term. Ask them, What reason have you for the presupposition, what support in Scripture, what assurance of prophet or apostle, what hint of the Lord Himself, that this collection of writings may be fitly described by so august a name? Startled as many good people are by the question, they yet, if they are honest, are bound to admit that the usage is without Scriptural authority: if they are dishonest, they angrily turn upon those who put the question and denounce them as infidels." (p. 110.)

"The loose and careless habit of describing the Bible as the Word of God is more than any other single cause responsible for the infidel literature which has flooded the Protestant world in the last century and the present. Poor Tom Paine shattered his soul and made shipwreck of faith in a frenzied protest against the obvious error, and was met by the sleek orthodoxy of the eighteenth century with loathing and vituperation." (p. 113.)

"Science is a word of God, and the poetic and rapturous perception of beauty in the universe is a word of God. They who shut their minds against proved facts of Science are closing their ears to the voice of God; and, when they do it in the interest of what they would call *The Word of God*, they are adding blasphemy to ignorance and are numbered among the false prophets." (p. 161.)

Can my Unitarian brethren bring themselves to believe that *this* is the word of the Yale University Divinity School to-day to the Presbyterians that condemn Dr. Briggs?

But some will ask me: "Where does Mr. Horton stand? What does he teach?"

The pastor of the Lyndhurst Road Congregational Church, London, is still but a young man, graduating from Oxford in 1878. He is a living man, a growing man, and his own views are yet but immature.

Brave as a lion, devout, earnest, and true, he still seems not yet to see the entire dependency of our human life, so that there cannot be a sensation in man's physical frame which is not caused by and directly dependent on the activity, impact, and solicitation of the Living God. He seems not even to see that the doubt which torments Huxley is just as truly the Word of God as the happy sagacity of Evangelists Finney and Egerton Young, or the moral struggles in the consciousness of the youthful Robert Collyer. Much less is he ready to declare with UNITARIANS both the universality of revelation or inspiration and the ceaselessness of the incarnation. Here we are still far in advance of this brilliant new English school of prophets.

As there was in Jeremiah or Isaiah of old no inspiration or foresight not just as manifest and real in Lowell or Emerson, so in Jesus there was no incarnation made, nor in "Christ" is any now making in which we are not all called to share. But CHRIST is the great word of to-day and of coming days. Mr. Horton rightly makes it his hiding-place, his covert from the tempest, when Evangelical storms break on his head because of his surrendering the old fortress of Protestantism. Yet to him, as to all Protestants, Christ and Jesus are synonymous or identical terms. They are not so to modern Churchmen or to Unitarians,—at least, not to all of either camp. Jesus was the glorious beginning, and none can praise him too much; but "Christ" is the designation of something infinitely greater. It is our name for concrete, living Christianity. It is the one word that sums up and sets forth the whole,— past, present, and future. It covers the whole glorious revelation made to and through the suffering heart of our struggling humanity since man first turned his eyes in hope toward the Cross,—that and more than that.

The Logos, the Father, the Spirit, the Saviour, our Lord, the Incarnation, the Bread of Life, the Word, the Man of Sorrows, *Verbum Dei*, Almighty God,—all these are set forth in Mr. Horton's Chapter VII., as identified with or parts of "Christ."

Mr. Horton is clearly right in so doing; but he needs to be assured that men who insist that all those things are to be identified with Jesus of Nazareth, and to be seen

or found only in him or through him, will soon be told that "they," to repeat Mr. Horton's own vigorous words, "are adding blasphemy to ignorance, and are numbered among the false prophets."

God never inspired man's genius with a bolder or more brilliant and world-conquering conception than when he flashed through the soul of some early Christian seer that vision of the Word, the Logos, the eternal purpose or intent, existent from eternity in the bosom of Divine Love, but now newly going forth as God's Command and Utterance, to conquer the world for Jesus exalted as the Christ,— the eternal purpose,—going forth, backed by Infinite Power.

The Logos was nothing new; but the sending forth of the world's Saviour as the incarnation of the Divine volition, and with that name secretly written on his thigh, was a conception involving insight and foresight such as God has given to few. Organic or institutional Christianity took the tone of triumph when its heart was first fired by that wondrous vision.

A critic might, indeed, now say that the Logos is the one thing of which Mr. Horton's Chapter VII., "The Logos," says nothing. But I want, in this brief paper, to praise and to advertise, not to criticise, this manly and timely word of a noble man.

Mr. Horton bravely flings away the whole false theory of supernaturalism.

"Among the Jews of the First Century the Law with its Theism and its strong ethical axioms was taken for granted. In our day we cannot assume that all our hearers are even Theists: we cannot even be sure that they all admit the existence of conscience and moral responsibility."

"The Bible is written by Theists for Theists: the preacher now often has to address Atheists. The Bible assumes that men possess a moral sense: modern materialism and the gross sensuality of drunken and debauched cities have discredited even this primary assumption. The preacher of the Twentieth Century will be compelled to make broad the basis of his teaching in the demonstrable truths of Natural Religion." (p. 291.)

"Nothing can surpass the futility and, in the end, the mischief of the dogmatic appeal, made with dull vehemence and harsh unreason, on the ground of Biblical authority, to those who are really waiting for evidence that the Bible is authentic or true, consistent or convincing, inspired or authoritative." (p. 293.)

" . . . The hope of Christendom at the present time practically lies in the emergence of real prophets, who, viewing with clear eyes the abominations of so-called Christian society, and judging with the detachment of inspiration the gross corruptions of Churches that dwell in tradition, and not in the spirit, and seek their own things instead of the things of God, can utter a voice clear and convincing, which all men shall recognize as the Word of God." (p. 297.)

These are indeed the earnest words of an able, consecrated, God-quickened man.

But now the most remarkable thing about this book is not the book itself. Nor is it the fact that such words can be now tacitly indorsed by the Divinity School of Yale University. It is the fact that the most devout, scholarly, and earnest "Evangelicals" find themselves compelled wholly to give up the old foundation of "Orthodoxy," and squarely to shift to the ground of our Unitarian Transcendentalists, even though they must cover their movement with a rosy and fragrant cloud of ardent ascriptions of glory to "Christ" while they also keep the faces of their followers radiant, as they should, with joyful song.

God bless them in their change of base! Not ours to criticise! Can we show now as confident a courage and as firm a front toward the common foe?

Yale's Divinity School will send out hereafter, each year, from thirty to forty earnest, able, devout, and well-trained men. If they are to breathe the sentiments and show the opinions of Mr. Horton's book, we want these men—some of them—for our Unitarian pulpit, and the sooner we come here to New Haven and say so the better.

Say to them: —

"Young men, our pulpits are open to you. There is no bar before them, no yoke above them. Your opinions are your own. Are you earnest, able, educated men,—men that listen to-day to the living word of the living God? That is all we ask.

"In Christ's name we bid you come, and we will make you welcome."

HENRY C. BADGER.

New Haven, Conn.

UNITY.

In all ages and in all climes men have sought for the great underlying and all-supporting unity. Though baffled again and again, they have never lost belief in its reality. From Protagoras to Emerson, from Plato to Herbert Spencer, philosophers have searched for the One. For centuries it eluded their grasp, flitting and flickering down the ages like a will-o'-the-wisp, ever present and ever vanishing. The eager searcher has followed it over hill and dale, through marsh and forest, only to find himself at the end of his journey, like Tantalus, grasping the empty air.

Not philosophers only have sought this suspected unity; but every man born into the world, from his birth to his death, has always unconsciously labored to the same end. The desire to understand, which is common to all humanity, is but the wish to appreciate and assimilate an elusive unity. To understand is to unify. The scholar understands a problem in mathematics when he has combined the separate letters or figures into an intelligent whole, and recognized the one underlying principle of the demonstration. The child understands the sentence when he has united the separate words of which it is composed into the single idea which it is intended to convey. The difference between the most abstruse philosophy and every-day thought is in degree, and not in kind. In our effort to understand, we are instinctively seeking the omnipresent unity.

In modern times the recognition of unity has been carried on in two parallel lines, science and religion, the same, yet not the same, having the same object in view and based upon the same principles, but differing in method. One investigates what the other worships. For science tends always to unity: the chemist is continually reducing the number of his elements; the physicist finds in his mass of phenomena the one ultimate principle of vibration; the astronomer depends upon the one law of gravitation; and philosophy, with its result, religion, has no other goal.

The relations between man and this unity are expressed by the following diagram, which may be more easily understood by the explanation which succeeds: —

	Mind.	*God.*	*Nature.*
Intellect	The True	Father	Cause
Sensibility	The Good	Spirit	Operation
Will	The Useful	Son	Effect

	Civilization.	*Climate.*
Intellect	Enlightened	Temperate
Sensibility	Barbarous	Tropical
Will	Civilized	Cold

Man finds himself endowed with a threefold mind, having power to know, to feel, and to determine,—intellect, sensibility, and will; an intellect ever seeking the true, a sensibility recognizing the good, and a will tending to aim at the useful, otherwise named the right or the beautiful,—for right can only be that which is ultimately most useful to the greatest number of persons; and the beautiful, intellectually considered, is but moral harmony. He looks about him as an embryo philosopher, and seeks to understand. He fails, and in fear and trembling worships that which is not understood. He calls it God. From the standpoint of the intellect, seeking the true, he recognizes the Father, the Creator; from the standpoint of the sensibility, appreciating the good, he recognizes the Spirit, influencing man for good; from the standpoint of the will, determining the useful, he recognizes the Son, living and working among men. In all religions the divinity is contemplated from these three standpoints, under various designations; for this is the direct outcome of the characteristics of the human mind.

As would be expected, there is great variation in the details of this triple division which permeates all religions. The destructive powers of nature were at first most impressive. Instead of the Spirit influencing for good, man saw the grim destroyer preying upon the world. He bowed to the evil which he saw rather than to the manifold good hidden beneath the surface.

Hence we find in the religion of Egypt Osiris, the creator, Typhon, the destroyer, and Horus, the preserver; in Persia, Ormazd, the creator, Ahriman, the destroyer, and Mithra, the restorer; in Brahmanism, Brahma, the creator, Siva, the destroyer, Vishnu, the restorer; in Buddhism a somewhat different division is found, but still threefold,—Buddha, the divine man, Dharmma, the word, and Sangha, the communion of saints. A hint of the same universal triad is found in Confucianism,—in Taekeih, the ultimate principle, Yin, the passive, intensive pulsation, and Yang, the

active, extensive pulsation. In Greek mythology there were three chief gods,—Zeus, Poseidon, and Hades. The Romans worshipped the omnipotent triad of Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto. In the Jewish religion the three were united in one God, creator, destroyer, and preserver.

But at length man passes this stage of his history, and begins to investigate, as well as wonder and worship. He looks from another standpoint, not yet seeing that, after all, it is the same. He now gives that, which is not understood, the name of nature, and calls his investigation science, without a suspicion that he is seeking the same goal by another road. His intellect seeks the cause, his sensibility recognizes the operation, and his will regulates or modifies the effect. Cause, operation, and effect in science correspond to Father, Spirit, and Son in religion, and each is alike dependent upon the law of mind.

Each of these three powers of mind reaches its highest relative development in a certain climate and a certain stage of civilization. In the individual the sensibility is first aroused, and he experiences emotion at the event which has transpired; then the will prompts him to action; and last the intellect compels him to reason upon it. In the progress of the race the same order is maintained. The barbarian does but little thinking or determining: he is controlled by his feelings. He therefore sees God as the Spirit, influencing men's lives, as in Brahma, Buddha, and the gods and spirits of Central Africa. Since the tropical climate favors the large development of the sensibilities, these religions are found in warm countries.

As civilization advances, the powers of the mind are quickened, and the will next reaches its full development: emphasis is laid upon the Son, and doing that which is useful or right. Here lies the cause of the Protestant reformation and the wide power of the present evangelical church. The mass of mankind have not yet reached a high intellectual culture. The difference between the educated and the uneducated is in thinking, not in will or in feeling. The ignorant man has as firm determination and as deep and genuine emotions as Longfellow or Lowell. Hence the religion of action and of emotion is the religion of the multitude. And since the will reaches its highest development in cold countries, where some effort is required to live, this form of religion flourishes in the colder climates.

When the very highest degree of enlightenment is reached, there is less occasion for the exercise of the will; and the intellect is more highly cultivated, largely at the expense of the sensibilities. The search for causes becomes more earnest, and men look at God from the intellectual standpoint as a Father or Creator, as is seen in the liberal religions of the present and in the general tendency in all religions. Men of the highest education and culture place less and less emphasis upon emotion, Satan, Christ as a divine mediator by whose blood we are saved, and more and more upon result, character, and the fatherhood of God. This highest cultivation of the intellect has been reached in temperate climates.

Thus do all religion and science, nature and man, climatic influences and the phenomena of civilization, blend into one harmonious whole, separated only by a threefold division, according to the different standpoints of a threefold mind; while underlying all is that power which man has always and everywhere sought, the power which the scientist calls nature and the worshipper calls God.

And, with this conception once thoroughly in mind, what a host of mysteries are made clear, what a multitude of correspondences spring into view! That which religion calls the Creator is instantly identified with the first cause of science. The doctrine of the atonement is seen to be the figurative expression of the great law of sacrifice which permeates all nature, and which Darwin called the survival of the fittest,—the law that every advance of the race is made at the expense of individuals. The belief in divine punishment in religion is but the vivid expression of the law that results are eternal; that he who disobeys any law of nature, either physical or moral, must suffer the consequences. The worship of idols is but the unconscious recognition of the identity of God and nature; that God is in all and through all, the soul of the universe; and that every beast and every graven image is part and parcel of the divine. The idol is used to make more concrete and definite the conception of a difficult abstraction. Belief

in a revelation is an intuitive perception of the universal presence of the divine; that every man of genius is in closer communication with the spirit of nature, and his writings a greater or lesser revelation of universal truth. There is not a tenet of religion, ethics, or philosophy, which cannot be traced to the outworking of some great law of nature as affected by the circumstances of that particular case.

And what a broad gleam of light this conception sheds on history! While philosophers have sought first principles under the lead of the intellect, and the thoughtless have sought pleasure under the lead of the sensibilities, the greatest problem of the ages has been the regulation of the will,—what is useful? At first the question was, What is useful for me at the present time? with little regard for the future or for others. The barbarian heeded not the rights of his fellows, nor reflected upon the distant consequences of his action. Then came the law-makers, as Moses or Solon; and the question with them was, What is most useful for all? The answer was justice,—an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. There is no mercy in law. Charity has little place in the maxims of political science. Absolute justice is a pitiless judge. This, with modifications, is the groundwork of our present law.

But it was left for Jesus, in closer communion with the Spirit of nature, to make the greatest moral advance in all history. He perceived, what seems plain enough when once understood, but was so slow and difficult of discovery, that the good of all mankind would be best attained by the death of selfishness. Certain punishment is an excellent tool with which to govern men: perfect unselfishness is a tool by which they may govern themselves. In his teaching lay the germ of democratic government. He saw that, if ever selfishness and revenge were to be uprooted, if ever the world was to reach that millennial epoch when each man should care for the welfare of others as much as for his own, some one must make a beginning. Some one must return good for evil before all could return good for good. Evil deeds are the result of ignorance and short-sightedness: man could only be educated by the power of example. And, as he was a native of a warm climate and a half-civilized country, he saw this from the standpoint of the sensibility, and called it love. What an amount of clear thinking is hidden in the simple phrase, "Love thy neighbor as thyself!"

Mythology is seen to have been a real religion. Under the names of Jupiter, Aphrodite, Neptune, the ancients worshipped the manifold manifestations of the same power that we worship as a unity. The Persians who adored the sun had a true and genuine religion; for the sun is God. The Norsemen who bowed before the spirit of the storm were right; for God rides upon the tempest. The Roman who poured libations to Ceres was acting under no empty delusion; for God is in the swelling bud and the ripening grain. The progress toward unity was not then and is not now complete.

All literature is permeated with the same conception. There is hardly a great writer in all history who has not caught a glimpse of some phase of this mighty thought. The deepest seers have beheld it most clearly. This is Goethe's meaning when he makes Faust say:—

> "Der Allumfasser,
> Der Allerhalter,
> Fasst und erhält er nicht
> Dich, mich, sich selbst?"

"The Universe has three children," says Emerson, "born at one time, which reappear, under different names, in every system of thought"; and, again, "The soul circumscribeth all things." Carlyle wrote, "Nature was to this man what to the thinker and prophet it forever is, *preter*-natural. . . . To us also through every star, through every blade of grass, is not a God made visible, if we will open our minds and eyes?"

Tennyson often speaks the same thought:

> "The brook sings on, but sings in vain,
> Wanting the echo in my brain."

> "He, They, One, All; within, without;
> The power in darkness whom we guess."

Opposing views, too, fall naturally into their places in this great harmony of nature.

All creeds are but broken lights of the One. What seems a contradiction is not so in reality, but only a natural result of differing points of view. The dwellers in the valley see various landscapes, and very small: the man upon the height views in its true relations all that they can see, and far

more. The long controversy between Unitarians and Trinitarians drops at once into insignificance when we see that God is a unity seen in three aspects by the three powers of mind. Even theism and atheism differ only in words. Both recognize an infinite and eternal power: one calls it nature, the other calls it God. And all the other mooted points of theology are seen in their true relations in this larger view.

People differ in their religious opinions according as they take a broader or a narrower view of this universal unity. Just as the equation $x^2 + y^2 = R^2$ is to the uneducated man but a meauingless jumble of letters and figures, to the algebraist a complete equation which may be turned and transformed according to the laws of that science, and to the master of analytic geometry the fully understood and appreciative equation of the circle, so to one class this conception of unity is more dense than the jungle and more blind than Egyptian darkness: to another the figurative conceptions of its principles in the doctrines of religion are clearly understood and their practical uses fully appreciated, without any conception of their hidden meaning; and to a third the great circle of life and nature lies open as a man, every seeming inconsistency vanishes, and the soul stands transfigured in the pure light of the divine. Each class has its religion: the first, the Salvation Army and the revival; the second, which includes the majority of civilized communities, the types and symbols of practical evangelical religion; the third, a worship more philosophical and contemplative, but less practical,—a worship which may be, and in the lapse of time must be, higher, but at present is often less aggressively useful. Every form of religion has its place and its mission, and no one can be universal until, in the onward turning of the wheels of progress, all shall unite in the grand conception of that unity which underlies them all,—a consummation toward which events are slowly tending.

S. C. Selden.

Hanover, N.H.

That which makes this earth seem solid, and not empty, is not the rocks and mountains that are in it, but the love that is in it. The only really solid thing in this universe is love.

THE ALL-SUFFICIENT CREED.

The riddle of the universe is insoluble, yet propounded to every child of man, and instant for solution of some kind or other. Here is my single self, from out the darkness come into the full blaze of the stage of existence, countless eyes upon me, countless others like around me, and presently I pass back whence I came. What does it all mean? Whence have I come, and whither am I going, and what have I to do? Stage and scenery,—who has upreared and peopled it, and for what purpose stablished the earth beneath and drawn the heavens as a curtain round about it, and put me thereon? Questions, those, which mark the dawn of intelligence in child and in nation, and which weariness and cynicism and scepticism will never avail to silence; for man

"Knows he was not made in vain,"

and it is idle to assure him that the magnificent phantasmagory of the universe is no more than a gorgeous sunset, a cloud-land scene to pass, and be forgotten, as are the sunsets of a hundred years ago.

No, it has a meaning, this world; but how to find it? We tread back the way by which time has come, now dimly discerning as in the twilight the beginnings of man, and now, as in the darkness that may be felt, groping our way amid primeval forces and unformed worlds; and we turn again, and from the present we look forward and guess, by what we have learned of that which has been, what it is that yet shall be, till sun and planet are lost in night. We sweep the expanse of heaven and conjecture of systems beyond the farthest reach of sight. But time and space have no answer to our anxious questioning. They tell us only of motion, of force, of change, of an energy whose whole effort seems to be to regain the stagnant equilibrium from which it was somehow in the beginning disturbed. In vain we seek for kinship with ourselves: throughout the universe we find "no helpmeet for us." Stars shine down on us with blind eyes, suns take no knowledge of us, earth gives us food or a grave, and cares not which. Through all there reaches us no word of help or hope but message only of dissolution, common fate of that which has been or shall be.

"Take thy little while," it says, "behold and then die."

But God IS! we cry. The riddle is answered; and, lo! the heavens kindle with a glory not their own, and earth is bright with a beauty which form and color never gave. Light which cannot fade, Life which cannot die, Love which is omnipotent, fill all in all. Death is a delusion, Time but the consciousness of our imperfect conception, which cannot grasp the whole, Space but the ordering of our partial sensation. God IS; and to Him, and, therefore, in reality, time is Now, and space is here, and all Good is, and

"The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound."

God IS. The profoundest philosophy can get no farther, the merest child knows as much. That's what the universe means, that explains my little life. He is in all and through all and over all. The light is his garment, he is "the beauty of all things beautiful," the sense of duty is his inspiration, the knowledge of truth the revelation of Himself.

And this is our all-sufficient creed. There is much else that is true and much that is helpful. Some things indisputably so, some which seem most certain to one man and most false to another; some trivial enough, though to the ecclesiastical mind they seem all important; and some of very real importance, though to the worldly-minded they seem but trifles. But this creed includes in it two monosyllables all truth: it is Light whose radiance obscures all things except itself. So writes the Psalmist, "In thy light we shall see"—not the too small for the unaided eye, or the too far off for our vision to reach it, but—light itself,—light in which all controversies disappear, lose their interest and significance.

For, when we preach God, we preach peace, union, charity, we preach what all acknowledge nor yet any realize. As to other doctrines, they are help or hindrance or indifferent: if they help a man to know God, let him guard them; if they hinder, let us seek to remove them; if indifferent, let them be. It is the article with which all creeds begin, "I believe in God"; and it is the test of all which follows after,—these other assertions do, they bring God nearer to us or between us and him, place obstacles that we should not discern his presence.

Moreover, it is no mere speculative opinion this,—an ontology, a science of pure being, a guess at the universe,—it is a living, operative Faith. God IS, "in all, through all, over all," therefore the world is divine. All existence is derived from him. Law is the participation of his nature; Life is the fuller communication of his Perfection; Intelligence is the Breath of his Spirit. Man is divinest of all things we know, because he has largest share of God's being. "We are his offspring," "in him we live and move and have our being." And, if we live in God, we die in God; hope becomes certainty; despair becomes folly, there is no room left for it in a universe full of God; for hell no place to be found, for evil no tolerance except as of something which means more good yet. The winter night seems very long, and the darkness is very thick; but will you doubt of daylight and of spring-time? Oh, foolish, the sun even now is shining bright as ever in summer noon, and is only the shadow of earth which hides awhile from view. So God is always and in all places: evil has no more real existence than has darkness or silence or death.

CHARLES HARGROVE.

Leeds, Eng.

---

*THE GEARY LAW.**

The American people, and more especially the inhabitants of California, are to-day brought face to face with a social and political question of the profoundest importance. Every loyal citizen, every lover of humanity, must desire to have it settled in a manner that shall be honorable to our nation and just to our fellow-men, of whatever race or condition. The issues involved in the enforcement of the Geary Law are not merely local. They are both national and international. Though a portion of the people and press of our State treats them with unseemly levity on the one hand and brutal indifference to moral consequences on the other, these issues are of a very serious nature, and far-reaching in their effects on our business, social, and political life.

A large influx of Asiatic peoples into the Pacific States, such as we were threatened

* Reprinted from the *Pacific Unitarian.*

with twenty-five or more years ago, when this agitation against the Chinese first began, would be a serious menace against the higher civilization of these new, sparsely peopled, and as yet loosely organized communities. Without entering into familiar arguments on the subject, it is sufficient to say that it would be hostile to the interests of intelligent, aspiring, free white labor, and the prosperity of that great middle class of our population on whose existence and happiness the integrity and welfare of a State so largely depend.

The presence of a million or even half a million Chinese coolies among us, as would inevitably have been the case if this immigration had not been prevented, would have been an industrial, social, and political disaster of the first magnitude to the young civilization on these Pacific shores. The opposition of the people of California to cheap Chinese labor has at times displayed itself in unreasoning, unjust, and brutal courses, but this should not prevent us from recognizing beneath all this agitation the justifiable, necessary motives of self-preservation, of social progress, of domestic integrity, and a higher political life.

The writer has lectured on this topic all over the United States, and invariably defended the attitude of the people of California against the well-intentioned but mistaken philanthropy which, in maintaining its human and social ideals, ignores the actual facts, and refuses to take into account the lessons of experience and the warnings of history. But our Eastern friends have learned some bitter lessons recently concerning the character and results of unrestricted foreign immigration. Perhaps they are now more willing to do justice to the underlying motive and aim of our opposition to the Chinese.

What I have to say on the Geary Law is not without knowledge or reflection on my part, or due to any defective sympathy with our social and labor problems in California. That a restriction of further Chinese immigration into California, for a term of years at least, is wise, is just, is absolutely necessary to our moral and social well-being, is a proposition I entirely concur in. But I do protest, both as a minister and a citizen, against any attempt to harass, persecute, or treat with ignominy and cruelty the members of this race who are already resident here. The Geary Law is an attempt to do this. It singles out a small and dwindling element in our population for its especial hatred and vindictiveness. It demands that they shall be registered "like a dog," as a Christian Chinaman said to me a few days since, and carry their certificates ever with them for identification, like a ticket-of-leave man out of jail on sufferance. It requires them to be photographed, like a criminal in the hands of the police. It denies them the right of witnesses of their own race, or the protection of a jury trial on their arrest for any supposed violation of the law. It provides for their imprisonment and deportation from the country if they fail to register within a specified period. I do not hesitate to denounce such a law as unjust, and, in the language of Judge Field, "infamous." It does violence to the higher sentiments of equality and humanity, it shocks the moral sensibilities, not only of our nation, but of the civilized world. Furthermore, I do not believe it truly represents the moral sentiments of the people of California. It is a concession to its lower elements, a display of race hatred, a piece of political demagogism, and a relapse into barbarism.

Never was a measure less justifiable from an industrial, a social, or a political point of view. The number of Chinese in California is returned by the last census as 72,472, and only 107,475 for the whole country. They have been steadily growing fewer in number every year, and even with smuggled accessions from over the border they are continually decreasing among us. It only needs a walk through half-abandoned streets in Chinatown to satisfy one on this point. The industrial competition of the Chinese has ceased to be formidable to free labor. Nay, the number now in California are a valuable addition to its working forces. Withdraw them suddenly, and the railway contractor, the orchardist, the vineyardist, and ranchman, would suffer great inconvenience and loss, and the financial depression now existing in San Francisco would be largely increased. It is a mistake to think that the crowd of unemployed men and boys in San Francisco would largely benefit by their wholesale removal. A large proportion of this idle element is made up of the weak, the unskilled, and the

worthless, who either cannot or will not work. The mere announcement that 70,000 Chinese have been withdrawn from the labor market in California would so flood this State with the unemployed from all over the country that in a few weeks the congested condition complained of would display worse symptoms than before. For the Chinese among us are not merely laborers, but also employers of labor; and the withdrawal of their capital and business sagacity would prove a severe blow to the industrial interests of the State.

In vain do the enemies of the Chinese charge the physical and moral evils of the city to the inhabitants of the Chinese quarter. That quarter is filthy, evil-smelling, vile. But it is no more so than districts in other cities peopled by white-skinned foreigners. I have seen as much to distress and horrify in the slums of New York, London, and Glasgow as in the cellars and alleys of Chinatown. There are more disgraceful and dangerous plague spots in San Francisco than even the Chinese quarter. I call to mind those underground sinks of iniquity, the dives and pool-rooms, and whole streets in the very heart of the city lined with abodes of shame and misery, where vice, crime, and corruption flaunt themselves, undisturbed by public sentiment, and lead thousands down to disease and death. If Chinatown is a danger to physical and moral health, why is it not put an end to? Why is it not declared a public nuisance, streets driven through it, the old rookeries torn down, the underground dens closed, the diseased and lawless sent to hospitals and jails or back again to China?

The city of New York, even under the corrupt Tammany rule, abolished the Five Points, of evil repute, in that way, and Boston, twenty-five years ago, caused every cellar at the unsavory North End to be vacated by its human occupants. Is the San Francisco city government so weak or so venal that it cannot accomplish this? The worst men and women in Chinatown to-day are not the Mongolians: they are the unprincipled whites who make a living out of them. Such are the greedy landlords, the shyster lawyers, the venal city employees, and a still lower and unnamable class. If there were a proper public spirit, a right moral and Christian sentiment in the people of San Francisco, the so-called physical and social evils of the Chinese quarter would be greatly abated, if not altogether abolished.

The political consequences of this proposed ill-treatment and wholesale deportation of our resident Chinese are wide-reaching and grave. In their selfish provincialism many of our people do not see this, or refuse to entertain it. Our neighborly relations with that great nation, China, would be imperilled, our trade with it disturbed, if not destroyed, the lives of some hundreds of business men, scientists, missionaries, and thousands of native converts, placed in jeopardy. We may not care for these things, but the American people as a whole do care; and our puny opposition will not count for much when the honest, humane heart of the nation is aroused. It is our destiny to come into still closer relations with China at some future day. We face Asia, as the Atlantic seaboard faces Europe. It is inevitable that, when the present conservatism of the Celestial Empire is overcome, as it surely will be by the converging rays of civilization, the people of the Pacific Coast will be eager suppliants for the trade and good will of their Chinese neighbors across the ocean. The laboring man would be the first to feel the benefits of such an intercourse and traffic. Will he then prejudice his own interests by this relentless crusade against the representatives of China now in our midst?

Finally, I protest against the Geary Law in the name of equal justice and humanity. The Supreme Court of the United States has pronounced it legal and constitutional. So the Supreme Court pronounced the Fugitive Slave Law constitutional, but the higher moral sense of the people revolted against it, the heart and flesh of humanity cried out against it, and it was overthrown. So this iniquitous law is condemned by the unanimous voice of the higher reason and conscience and heart of civilized man. No man, and no set of men, though intrenched behind a partisan Congress, a technical decision, a truckling press, the hatreds of race, or the selfish purpose of a class, can long withstand the moral sentiment of the world.

We in California would be the first to feel the disastrous effects of our mistaken

policy. Our industrial life would be disordered, our political and social morality lowered. We should stand discredited in the eyes of our fellow-Americans and of civilized man. What an outcry went up from all lovers of humanity when the Russian government began its infamous policy of deporting its Jewish citizens! An equal outburst of popular sympathy and indignation would arise all over the land if we should arrest and herd in prison 70,000 unfortunate Celestials for no other crime than that they resisted an unjust, ignominious law, and followed too implicitly the counsel of their natural leaders, who, with all their faults, are yet their natural protectors and guardians. This State would feel the evil practical consequences of such a cruel deed for a quarter or half a century.

The execution of the Geary Law will, I trust, be delayed by force of circumstances and a wise, humane executive; and, when Congress meets, it will be modified or repealed. Would we could as easily modify and repeal the evil spirit in men's hearts that led to its adoption! Would that juster, humaner sentiments controlled our conduct toward these, our yellow-skinned brothers, who, as Starr King used to say of the negro, are of "the same color in the grain" as we! For God hath made of one blood all the nations of men. There is nothing common or unclean in his sight, and should not be in ours; but we should bestow the more abundant honor on that part which lacks.

Are we told that these are merely sentimental objections? Yes, I answer, the sentiments of the Declaration of Independence, of the American Constitution, of the Sermon on the Mount, and of modern and Christian civilization. These rule the world; and the individual, the class, or the community that dares defy them, will be dashed into pieces like a potter's vessel.

C. W. Wendte.

Oakland, Cal.

THE LARGER GOSPEL.

As from time to time great storms sweep over the sea, causing huge waves to roll in upon widely separated shores, so through the centuries the elemental forces which drive on the fortunes of humanity occasionally spring into such vigorous action that under their mighty impulse the tides of the spirit rise to higher levels along the world's distant coast lines. The upward steps of history are a record of this intermittent energy, while the day-dawns of art, song, and worship, are outbursts of its radiance.

Such an influx of the spirit seems to be present in our own time. This new revelation is a veritable gospel. It is glad tidings of the blessed God. The veil that has so long clouded men's vision is being lifted. We are just learning what an infinite universe means. God fills this newly revealed vastness,—fills it so full that the atoms throb with energy, and the protozoa live and move and have their being. From infinite to infinitesimal one mighty Life pours itself forth. We stand not only in the midst of an infinite universe, but also in the midst of a practically eternal universe. The vastness which overarches us is a perpetual vastness. It is the same Eternal Presence, yesterday, to-day, and forever.

With this revelation of the infinity and eternity of the universe comes growing apprehension of the place of man therein. Man is earth's highest incarnation of the Eternal Soul, but he is part of the life of the universe. The Spirit builds souls as well as stones and stars. Man is, in the most intimate sense, the child of God. The eternal forces working through him come from the Supreme Source of Being. He is what those forces have made him. Hence all thought of warfare between man and God disappears. Instead of an angry Ruler extending the sceptre of pardon, there is Infinite Life pouring strength and inspiration into humanity's breast.

This recognition of man's relationship to God gives fresh insight into the nature of religion. Real religion is consciousness of the Eternal. It is just as natural to man as seeing. God and humanity meeting, religion results, as flowers blossom in the sunshine. It grows from more to more as man grows in spiritual comprehension.

This revelation of to-day shapes the gospel of to-day, which must correspond to increasing light and knowledge. While at one with the older gospel in its principles, its outlook is wider. Its great hope is no longer shadowed by a still greater dread. The element of self-seeking disappears. To uplift and redeem the world is its mission.

Its kingdom of God includes all mankind. Its imperative demand is public and private righteousness. It builds on this eternal foundation of Jesus. It fills with blessing the life which now is, and brightens the hope of the life eternal.

T. B. Forbush.

Chicago, Ill.

---

*THE BOOT-BOY AND THE SATIN SOFA.**

PART I.

With a boot upon his left hand,
  And his brush within his right,
And a mandate from his master,
Urging him to get on faster,
  Did he brush with all his might.

Oh, most shabby was that boot-boy,
  And his shirt not white nor new!
Very worn out were his breeches,
All his coat-seams showed the stitches,
  And his buttons offward flew.

But the soul that was within him
  Was the soul of you and me,
Prone to longings, strugglings, yearnings,
Through the straight-ways and the turnings
  Of its own complexity.

So when sharp a bell rang loudly,
  And a voice came down the stairs,
"Bring my boots: don't keep me waiting,"
Well, he didn't stand debating,
  And he didn't say his prayers.

In three words the situation
  And the all unwritten code
Of their "place," whose only placing
Comes in some one else displacing,
  Found its vent in "Boots be blowed!"

Then he took the shining bootlings,
  Drew his hand across his head,
Wiped his moist brow with his coat-sleeve,
Left the region of the dust-sieve,
  Went upstairs with clumsy tread.

Then his heart beat just a little
  When a voice replied, "Come in."
For the boot-boy knew the measure
Of a gentleman of leisure,
  Cut of clothes, and hue of skin.

Only that? Oh, no! the difference
  Of the manners taught to rule
And the manners taught a servant,
Humble, patient, and subservient,
  Learned in hunger's crushing school.

Only that? Nay, nay, the culture
  Of the hand, the voice, the foot,
For the gracious hand-clasp; walking
On soft carpets; and for talking
  In trained voice, like harp or lute.

Only these? Why, no,—the something
  Born of liberty, and ease,
Pleasant insolence of frankness,
Rather apt to run to rankness,
  If dependants do not please.

Nothing more? Well, yes, the hatred
  Of all ugliness, and strife,
Not so much from sense of duty
Makes him keep — as sense of beauty —
  The amenities of life.

So the gentleman and boot-boy,
  Stood a moment face to face:
One you'd clasp the hand of gladly,
But the other's — rather sadly,
  Not of nature, but of grace.

Then upon a satin sofa
  Sank the gentleman at last,
While the boot-boy knelt before him,
As like one who would adore him,
  Tied his boot-lace firm and fast.

Then away upon his business
  Went the master, while the boy
Stole back to that satin sofa,
A most good-for-nothing loafer,
  To admire it, and enjoy.

For that boot-boy laid down on it,
  Sank upon its sheeny breast!
Sighed for luxury of being,
And from work and hurry fleeing,
  Went to sleep, to dream and rest!

Sound he slept, nor heard his master
  With the latch-key homeward creep,
Heeded not his exclamation,
Till a booted salutation
  Woke him rudely from his sleep.

Words not quite for general hearing
  Bade the boot-boy go to where
Folks are sent off when the airing
Of vernacular called swearing
  Shakes the teeth and stirs the hair.

"Leave the house this very evening,
  You young dog, when work is done!
You unmitigated rascal,
Such as you're enough to task all
  Bearing power beneath the sun!"

PART II.

Then the gentleman stood silent,
  Though his blood still pulsed and boiled,
For the costly satin sofa
  By a grimy mark was soiled!

On the wall above the sofa
  Was a tragic Tintoret,
Of the cruel death of Abel,
  Very solemn, dark, and set.

---

*The moral of the story is that we are not to lay down a hard and fast code of what is to belong by right to some people and of what other some are to be deprived in order to make them "keep their place." In one hour of Life's day it is the master seated on the sofa to be served, and in another, owing to the circumstances that alter cases, it is the boot-boy lying on the sofa, and his master serving him.

On the hushing down of passion
In the master's heart, there fell
From that voiceless, grim old picture
Whispers that he heard full well.

"Are not mortals far more precious
In the sight of God than things?
Is there anything worth cutting
For its sake those magic strings

"That bind human souls together
To the Great Soul up above?
No respect of rank or prestige
In that bond of common love?

"Think of Tintoret, the painter,
But a humble dyer's boy,
With a world of art inside him,—
Its grand sorrow, noble joy.

"Think of Titian's scornful-spurning
The presumptuous boy from school:
'Keep your place,' O world-commandment,
Man, not God, doth place the fool!

"Think, O Scholar, in the ages
Of thy soul's unknown to be.
Is that sofa, or that boot-boy,
Likeliest company for thee?

"If that boot-boy, then the satin
Is of very small amount,
By thy kind relations to him,
And his happiness's account.

"If thou lovest on that sofa
In thy leisure to recline,
Is that hard-worked boy so wicked
That he shares that taste of thine?

"Though he doth not share thy money
That pads life with cushions soft,
Nor the liberty of action
That he pines for long and oft."

PART III.

What more the picture might have said I know not,
But suddenly an outcry in the street
Came with a crash of horse-hoofs, mingled wildly
With rush and stamp of many hurried feet.
And swift a housemaid burst upon him, crying,
"O master, master,—O Miss Elsie,—come!"
Forgotten was the sofa, and all anger,
Where was the only daughter of his home?

PART IV.

"She'll be killed!" screamed the women;
"Hold tight!" cried the men;
And they rushed at the galloping horse,
But he kicked and he pranced,
Like a demon he danced,
And he held on his frantic course.
"Dear, my child," called her father,
"My darling hold on!
Your father will get at you soon."
But the fair waving hair seemed to droop on the air,
And the girl was just ready to swoon.

PART V.

Then a cry and a murmured "Good God!" from the men,
As the galloping horse stood stock-still;
For a thin, shabby boy had clung on to his neck,
And was holding his mane with a will.
"Take her off, sir," he said, as his master drew near,
And the horse began kicking again.
"I can hold on a bit, till Miss Elsie is safe,
Only don't you let go o' the rein."

Soon sweet Elsie was safe in her father's strong arms,
Nestled close to the throb of his heart;
And her color came back like a bird to its nest,
As she told of the fright and the start.
To the picture-girt room they passed quickly alone,
In the hush of unspeakable joy,
For safe passing from peril so swift, and so near,
When they spoke of the daring, brave boy.

"Why, I owe him my life," said the girl with sob.
"O Father, I tremble to think
Of the terrible fate that seemed urging me on,
So close to Death's pitiless brink.
For just when I thought I should see you no more,
And be carried home dead to you all,
Our Charlie sprang up to the head of my horse
And saved me a horrible fall."

PART VI.

So the master left his daughter,
And he met them bringing in,
Badly hurt, the shabby boot-boy,
In soiled raiment, torn, and thin.

"Dying," whispered low the doctor,
"Don't disturb the hero now;
Broke a vessel in his straining,—
Got a kick upon his brow."

"Bring him here," the master answered,
Husky with a rush of grief.
"Lay him here upon the sofa,"—
Kind his voice, though words were brief.

[Are not mortals far more precious
In the sight of God than things;
And in ours, when holy moments
Lift the soul on holy wings?]

Then the dying boot-boy rallied,
And he fixed his languid eyes
On his master's face of pity,
With a faint look of surprise.

"Don't you turn me out to-night, sir;
For the place is werry dark.
You can have my last week's wages,
So's to pay to clean that mark."

Then he sobbed, the bitter struggle
With young life and old, old death
Dulled all pain from kicks and bruises,
In the fight for gasping breath.

"O my lad," the master answered,
"As there is a God above,
In my heart for you is henceforth
Only gratitude, and love.

"You have given me my daughter,
Gift of all good gifts most blest;
You have laid down life to give life.
Say what gift can please you best?"

Then a gleam like sunset glory
Lit the boy's gray face with bliss:
"Master, have my likeness taken
On this sofa, just like this!

"Send it home to my poor mother,
Oh, as quickly as you can:
So she'll see as her boy Charlie
Died just like a gentleman!"

Then the master bent above him,
For the dew was falling fast
From the death-mists in the valley,
And the night-watch came at last.

Not unkissed the shabby boot-boy
Set out o'er the solemn sea,
For his master's proud lips sealed him
As of one humanity.

LAURA ORMISTON CHANT.

CHRIST, THE CREATOR.

In pondering over the Christian's Saviour, it is not necessary, it is perhaps not possible, to think of him as God, the creator. Many of the ultra orthodox did in earlier times say that Christ was the creator; but we have all lived to learn that words do not always mean what they say. The term the "Father and the Son" exposes the inmost thought of the theologians; for men, when in their right mind, never use the conjunction "and" to express an essential unity. We would not say that John and his brother were present if there were only one of them. We would not say the mountain and the tree if the mountain were the tree. Thus the word "and" is always a term that makes a distinction. You would laugh if any one should say that this room was full of persons and people. Thus the little word "and" betrays the Trinitarians, and assures us that they believe in the Father and the Son as being two minds, two persons, two beings.

However orthodox a mind may desire to be, it will find itself attaching God to the entire universe and Christ to the human race. The four biographies in the New Testament identify the Nazarene with the moral needs of society. He does not stand related to the sun, moon, and stars, nor to the works of creation as detailed in Genesis. His words and works were all within the field of human experience.

DAVID SWING.

Chicago.

*THE MORMONS AT SALT LAKE.**

Salt Lake City has probably more individuality than any other city in the United States. Marks of its peculiar history are everywhere visible. Some of you, no doubt, have visited it; have seen the great cathedral-like temple, this year completed and dedicated after forty years of labor, and paid for by taxes systematically collected from the people, each one paying his tithes, whether from his poverty or abundance; the long, low houses, with many doors, suggestive of several families under one paternal roof; the great store, with the sign "Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution" stretched in full across its broad front. These and other traces will long remain as reminders of the past, though the unwelcome advent of Gentiles and the irresistible tide of modern improvement may at last sweep them away. If you have also attended a Sunday service at the Mormon Tabernacle, and looked into the faces of the crowd that weekly assembles there, you have seen a still more striking illustration of this strange chapter of history. They are foreign-looking faces, showing a very low average of intelligence; they are a people gathered up by Mormon missionaries from all quarters of the globe, though mostly, I should say, from northern latitudes. I do not remember seeing among them Spanish, Italian, or negro faces; and they are from the uneducated classes. One might well believe that the contrast between a condition of hopeless poverty in some overcrowded city of the Old World, and the pastoral life and patriarchal government in this beautiful valley of the New World, which was the ideal view of their religion probably presented to these people by the missionaries, might make Mormonism seem very beautiful and attractive in their eyes. And, indeed, except for the dreadful doctrine of polygamy,

* From a paper read at the Annual Meeting of National Women's Alliance in Boston during Anniversary Week.

with all its attendant demoralizations and miseries, Mormonism might have been an upward step for many of them.

There is no denying that honest delusion has more than once been a help to progress. No trait of human nature is quite useless, and credulity has sometimes had its reward. It is difficult to believe that the founders of Mormonism were themselves sincerely deluded by the shallow miracles upon which its claims are founded; but perhaps the more strongly, because conscious of the weakness of this foundation, they emphasized the virtues of truthfulness, honesty, temperance, brotherly love, and devotion to their religion, and held their people strictly to account in these respects. The Mormon Church was as thoroughly officered as the regular army, and no individual life escaped scrutiny. How far this condition still continues I am unable to say. Probably the situation is theoretically unchanged, except that the decree concerning polygamy is officially declared to be *suspended.* Practically, no doubt, since their secluded valley has had its gates forced open by invading Gentiles, contact with the nineteenth century is having its influence; and both doctrine and practice are being gradually modified in many ways. Neither are they likely to have again for leader a man of just such fibre as Brigham Young.

The Mormon Church is founded squarely upon supernaturalism, miracle, direct inspiration, and literal interpretation of Scripture. I heard one of the Mormon bishops say in public, with an air of simple conviction, that the planet on which God resides makes its revolution once in a thousand years,—an assertion based upon the phrase, "A thousand years are as one day." He interpreted the story of the creation as given in Genesis to signify that the work of creation would still be in progress till the end of six thousand years, which would be six of these days, and that the seventh thousand, the day of God's rest, would be the glorious millennium. He thought we were now in the Saturday night of that great week. A Mormon lady said to me, in defence of the doctrine of polygamy, that it was sanctioned by Scripture; and when I answered, "Yes, in the childhood of the world, but left far behind as men advanced in wisdom and in civilization," her reply was: "I do not agree with you there. Men were nearer to God then than now: they walked and talked with angels in those days." They are consistent enough to believe in the power of working miracles at the present day no less than in ancient times by men of exalted faith and virtue; and stories are told of performances which to irreverent Gentiles' eyes showed evident fraud and failure, but which seemed to the saints to show the presence of divine power, —a state of things not without its counterpart outside of Mormonism.

Such doctrines may take a strong hold upon minds capable of receiving them; but they depend for their existence upon a very dim religious light. When, by accident or design, a window is opened, letting in a ray of bright, common sunshine, and a breeze from the wholesome outside ocean of fresh air, they assume a very different aspect. One who has been through Mormonism and come out on the other side cannot breathe in any other atmosphere than that of liberal and rational religion. He cannot accept the doctrines of any of the orthodox churches: that, he says, is only to exchange one superstition for another. They, too, profess to believe in the inspiration of the Bible and a supernatural religion, only they are less consistent in their belief. If he is to have anything he can call religion, it must have its foundation in the eternal fitness of things, and not in supernatural revelation. Here, you see, is a sufficient reason why there should be a Unitarian church in Salt Lake City; and that it ministers to a real need is shown by the members that gather weekly to hear what it has to say. I do not mean to be understood that the three or four hundred people who make up our average Sunday audience in the Salt Lake theatre are mostly apostate Mormons; but there are many among them who have been more or less closely connected with Mormonism, and their number is likely to increase as time goes on. It seems to me certain that there must be a useful and prosperous future for Unitarianism in Utah, if only we persevere and hold the position through the sometimes discouraging experiences that always attend the beginnings of such enterprises. It has probably been no disadvantage to us as yet that we held our services in the Salt Lake theatre, a building

erected by Brigham Young for the amusement of the saints. It stands in the midst of the business part of the city, and many, no doubt, have slipped into its open door on Sunday morning who would not have been attracted by a decorous church edifice. But we now feel that we have proved our right to exist; and we wish, as soon as the financial outlook shall justify us in doing so, to build a house of our own, and prove also our hope and expectation of permanence.

REBECCA PALFREY UTTER.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

ROBERT COLLYER AMONG THE QUAKERS.

The *Intelligencer and Journal*, the weekly paper of the Friends, published in Philadelphia, contains the following account of an address recently made by Rev. Robert Collyer at a Friends' meeting in New York. Says the writer: —

It was pleasant to see the cheerful face of our friend Robert Collyer (the well-known Unitarian minister), sitting in the gallery of the meeting at Fifteenth and Rutherford Place, on First-day morning, the 2d inst. After a period of silence and a short message from Samuel B. Haines, Dr. Collyer arose, and in his sympathetic, winning manner said that he had followed a long-felt desire in being with us that morning, and making the confession and telling the story which followed. He wanted to confess to his belief in the great central truth that Friends, from the time of their "great apostle," George Fox, to the present date had held up as their fundamental principle,—namely, the doctrine of the Inward Light; the light which enlighteneth every man which comes into the world. He said he accepted and endeavored to live by it, as it must necessarily be by each one of every denomination who wished to follow the teachings of the Master. This principle had not been taught to him in his childhood; but, when in his early manhood a time of darkness and deep tribulations came to him, he recognized the voice; and, leaving his mother church, the church of England, he followed its guidance, and became a member of the little Methodist church in his native village. They had the light there, he said, but not as he now saw it, or as quiet and clear as Friends held it. They showed it in manners we might not approve of, and waved it about; but still it *was* the Light.

He then told how, as he expressed it, the bed was too narrow and the covering too short for him; that he felt limited, bound down, and as if his work required a broader field. So, following the clear shining of the Light, he determined to come to America. His friends expostulated with him, not being able to see how, if he must go away, it should not be to Canada, where friends and letters of introduction would make his new life easier. But, without being able to answer them with reasons, he kept his resolve, followed the Light, and arrived in New York in 1850, where he was immediately offered a good employment at his trade of blacksmith. But the Light shone on Philadelphia, he said; and with no other reasons, leaving good prospects in New York for none at all there, he went to that city, realizing his disadvantages, but feeling that go there he must. Soon after his arrival Dr. Furness, the minister of the First Unitarian Church, asked him to consider a proposition to go to Chicago to take charge of mission work there, and gave him a week to decide in. But he said he did not wish time to consider: he knew then that it was the thing for him to do, and thus commenced his twenty-one years in the ministry in that city. He pathetically told of his loss of home and church by the great Chicago fire, but how the voice had directed him not to falter, but to work on, and success would be theirs, how the Light had shone on the ruins of his church, where he called his people together and addressed to them words which came to his heart as he spoke. He told this story of his life, he said, to confess that it was by his recognition and obedience to this Inward Light he had been led along life's pathway to the joy and peace which surrounded him now in his old age.

After seating, he again arose and gave expression to an earnest prayer that in upholding this truth Friends might be "faithful as ever, steadfast as ever, brave, true, and strong, minding the Light and maintaining their testimony as to its efficiency." It was an interesting meeting, and one which will be long remembered by those who were present.

A DAY IN THE SCULPTURE GALLERIES OF THE WORLD'S FAIR.

I spoke in my last letter about saying a word some time in these columns concerning the wonderful exhibit of modern paintings in the Art Building at Jackson Park; but the best way to study this exhibit is from the central rotunda outwards through the four courts, named from the points of the compass,—beginning, that is, with the mis-

cellaneous collection of sculptures in plaster, bronze, and marble here found. A better knowledge of all the buildings can be obtained and of the general arrangement of the exhibits they contain by following the architectural plan of each. Each is a complete part of a harmonious whole.

Passing, then, directly by the tempting displays on canvas that beckon through open doors on all sides from whichever entrance we chance to approach, and bending our steps sturdily to the centre of the great Art Building, we stand under the beautiful dome in the company of a huge statue in bronze of the Father of his Country, a part of the United States exhibit and the work of Thomas Ball. Behind is a painful piece of artistic modelling in the shape of a nude reclining figure, with agonized expression of countenance, torn by dogs, called Jezebel. It is not easy to study the sculptures of the World's Fair because of the incomplete way in which, thus far, the different works have been catalogued. Some have not yet been numbered at all, and it is impossible to guess at either artist or subject. This neglect is especially trying in the east court, which is filled with plaster reproductions of some of the world's most famous architectural creations, which it would be a part of a liberal education thoroughly to understand. But, though a full list of these works appears in the revised catalogue, they are still left unnumbered, and the visitor must piece out his information as best he can from his general knowledge of the subject. As this is a part of the French exhibit, and the French have proved themselves such marvellous systematizers in every other department, it cannot but be that this oversight will soon be corrected. Massive doorways and façades, like those of the cathedrals of Amiens and Paris, are here represented with magnificent tombs and cloisters of the Middle Ages, lending marvellous richness and stateliness to the general effect, with nothing of Middle Age gloom or superstition.

In the south court a mammoth structure representing the quarrel of an eagle and two vultures over a dead bear first arrests attention. It is by Auguste Cain of Paris. A lion strangling a crocodile, near by, is also his. Onslow Ford's sitting statue, in bronze, of Irving as Hamlet, will bring the visitor's feet to a halt. The French lead the world in sculpture, and their exhibit is particularly fine and interesting here. A Dante by Jean-Paul Aube, a lean, silent figure, with face bearing marks of the painful workings of the "Inferno" within, symbolized in the floating, half-disclosed figure of some poor wretch in torment, at the base, is worth a study. A finely finished piece of marble by Blanchard is called "Tintoret's daughter." An allegorical statue of republican France is seen in a kneeling figure of Falguiere's, said to have been ordered by the French section, but whose significance I could not determine. A massive but tender and impressive piece of work is that of Œdipus at Colonna, with Antigone at his side, in plaster, by Jean Hugues. Hector Lemaire is represented by a number of pieces in this and in the other courts, some of the pieces being somewhat fanciful, but all graceful and full of delicate meaning. Another piece of heroic size, and in plaster, is Lavasseur's "First Born," in which the young father, mother, and child are portrayed with equal strength and beauty. It is a matter of both surprise and encouragement that such beautiful effects can be produced from the common substance of plaster in which nearly all of the most effective things appear. Indeed, there is a rugged strength and force about these rougher creations that the exquisitely finished marble fails to convey. In many ways the plaster and its more serviceable ally, bronze, are better fitted to express the realistic spirit of modern art, though it would be a pity to think that the patience and unwearying labor that belong to marble were not also to be retained and made part of the new ideals. But, as one wanders through the sculpture galleries proper, and then supplements his impressions with the works scattered about in the picture galleries and the higher artisan productions in the French and Italian departments in the Liberal Arts display, it is impossible to escape the conviction that marble belongs to the past. It has so long been associated with the romantic and conventional in art that it will take long to make it the bearer of a new and plainer, but higher message to mankind.

The north court is in some respects the most interesting of all. In the centre is another mammoth creation in plaster by

Bush-Brown of New York, entitled "The Buffalo Hunt," flanked by two bronze pieces of nearly the same size, each an admirably wrought out conception,—the "Cider Press," by Thomas Shields Clarke, the model for a drinking fountain, and an Indian "Bear Hunt" by Douglas Tilden. But that which deservedly attracts most attention here is a work by one of our Chicago artists, Mr. Gelert, who also designed the beautiful rostral columns surrounding the Main Basin. It is the struggle for work, and embodies an English custom in which the employer in time of industrial stress and strain signifies the number of men he is willing to employ by scattering tickets among the hungry, waiting crowd of enforced idlers besieging his doors. Those who in the rush and scramble can snatch and keep hold of one of these tickets and present it at the door will receive the chance of a day's work. The struggle represents one brawny young fellow triumphant, standing upright with the piece of coveted pasteboard in his hand; but on one side another young man of smaller, weaker frame vainly tries to reach and snatch it away, and on the other an old man, weak with the years that should have placed him beyond all such needs, tremblingly implores the precious boon from the lucky winner, who is man enough to hesitate, his face showing a mixture of conflicting emotions. Beneath his feet a woman with her child in her arms has been trampled down in the pressure which deadly suffering makes worse than the conflicts of war. It is a terrible lesson in existing conditions, whose reality we would like to deny.

There are a number of interesting things from the Belgian department in this court. Near the door is a bronze figure of Dickens, heroic size, with little Nell at his feet, which wins the popular heart at once, while not far away is a colossal statue of Watts. French's bronze bust of Alcott, with the high, narrow forehead and dreamy look bespeaking his mystic thoughts, is here, and a number of things by that most suggestive of artists, William Ordway Partridge, whose idealistic qualities are so far removed from the artificial and affected, and who always gives you a real thought clothed in tender, picturesque guise. Conspicuous among these is his Christ, done in marble, modern in sentiment, but somewhat too smooth and finished to quite satisfy the demand of a reverent rationalism in this direction,—a demand art has not yet realized. There are several animal pieces by Kemeys, and a noble Andromeda by the German artist, Joseph Hitt. In the corridor leading to the east court is Miss Potter's plaster bust of Prof. Swing, long familiar to Chicago people, and reproducing very successfully the strong, homely traits of our great preacher. Near by hangs a large bronze plaque depicting scenes from "Rip Van Winkle," with the figures of Dr. Pangloss and Bob Acres, commemorating that favorite artist of the stage, Joseph Jefferson.

The west court contains several miniature copies in plaster of famous architectural structures, like the German Parliament House at Berlin, the memorial church to Emperor William, a Japanese pagoda which required the continued labor of thirty-seven workmen one year to construct, a part of the Vanderbilt mansion in New York, celebrating the architectural genius of Hunt, etc. Here also is to be found Mr. French's "Sculptor and Death," which wins many admiring plaudits. There is a good piece of Swedish workmanship in bronze, entitled "Brothers," and a couchant lion of the same nativity facing the entrance. A group of reliefs by Max Bachman of Boston placed on the reverse of Mr. French's "Sculptor and Death" is well worth study, and an ideal conception of a "Dream," in which a face is faintly disclosed through the marble, is especially beautiful.

This is a most imperfect list, having the additional disadvantage of being selected with only the average sight-seer's deficient skill and knowledge of the subject to assist. When to the treasures of the Art Building in this line are added the sculpture ornamentations of all the buildings and grounds and the numerous other special works scattered about for general decorative effect, it will be seen there is enough to study and delight in. But what I like best of all in this art exhibit, just prefacing our entrance into the twentieth century, is the spirit characterizing it, its thoroughly modern character and scope. Of this I shall have more to say when we come to that other and larger feature of the exhibit, the paintings.

CELIA P. WOOLLEY.

Chicago.

THE MISSIONARY SPIRIT.

Self-sacrifice of any kind and on any terms is, no doubt, better than selfishness, and so distinctly an evidence of some good qualities of mind and heart that it seems ungracious to criticise any of the motives from which it may spring. And yet we are sometimes called upon to admire an instance of devotion to duty at the cost of considerable suffering or loss, when, for the life of us, we cannot give to it enthusiastic praise. The virtue seems to be too conscious of itself, too proud of its scars, too much as if it had bargained for glory and had paid its sacrifice, not in pure love of goodness, but to purchase a definite reward. One is constrained to think that denial of self is still often practised with what one must call a superstitious purpose, under the belief that any pinching or scourging of our desires must be a holy exercise, and will secure the approval of higher powers. Even this, it is true, may win a reward greater than it has aimed at; for it is a discipline of self-control, and may save one from many foolish indulgences.

But every great sacrifice is made without much consciousness of what is being surrendered. True heroism does not know itself as heroic, counts what it parts with only as dross in comparison with the cause whose mandate it obeys, speaks of its suffering only as a "light affliction which endures but for a moment." And this alone is sacrifice of self, not merely sacrifice of things or enjoyments, but effacement of the selfhood itself in the splendor and glory of the object that it loves.

Now, all true missionaries, the world over, have been filled with this spirit. It speaks well for us, so far as it goes, that, if we have not this spirit, we refuse to play at having it. With all its profession of practical sobriety, this is in some respects a very theatrical age; and no genuine mind likes to join the strut and flourish of those who have no proper feeling of the part they assume. It is not of much use to call upon us to deny ourselves for the faith that is in us, unless that faith itself calls to us louder than the voice of men. The missionary who comes to us with tales of what he has endured to advance the kingdom of heaven, but who seems to be rather more aware of his nobility of soul than of the opportunity to do work for God and humanity which he asks us to share, does not greatly kindle our zeal. It is a right instinct which warns us of the futility of following his example. Sacrifices not dictated by a deep and holy love for our work, but chiefly to display our own capacity for self-denial, are not likely to accomplish important results in heaven or on earth.

But, if we have not the real missionary spirit, and do not wish to adopt its movements and postures, being destitute of its inward compelling force, does that excuse us from cultivation of the mental qualities out of which the zeal and devotion of the missionary spring? Has the world no further use for the self-sacrificing labor which yields up everything else to make known a way of life and truth, and is the man who gives his life without reserve to this aim only a product of the centuries behind us? This is to ask, in other words, whether we have done with profound convictions on subjects that involve the highest welfare of the race. The agnosticism that has become fashionable in certain circles is perhaps not the most competent authority to answer that question. If some men have believed with all the force of their being that twice two make five, and have caused no little mischief to themselves and others in trying to establish that proposition as the basis of all human reckoning, that is not so good a reason for being doubtful whether twice two make four as the agnostic appears to suppose.

Though nothing is quite so sure of its opinions as ignorance, yet knowledge has its beliefs on whose correctness it would stake its life; and, when men have adjusted themselves a little better to the new light that has come into the world, they are very certain to develop religious ideas that they will hold and urge with self-denying earnestness. It is inconceivable that one should be convinced of a spiritual truth which he regards as essential to his health and peace of mind without being driven to some attempt to impart that truth to others. One cannot keep to himself the knowledge of a good remedy to cure a cold, though a sceptical world is too ungrateful for the information he is prepared to give. Much more, when one has found a spiritual reality that is to him a fountain of joy and strength, he cannot refrain from telling the wonderful fortune that has come to him to all whom he can persuade to listen.—*The Christian Register.*

DARING TO HOPE.

"On the evening gate of this century," said Richter, "stands written, 'Here is the way to Virtue and Wisdom.'" These are the words of a man who dared to hope, not that somehow, in some way, the wrong would be made right and the sorrows of life be assuaged, but that to society as to the individual the best things will eventually come, and that the noblest dreams of the noblest men are but faint prophecies of the divine realities of the future. There is a place for the pessimist who believes that the present is full of evil and ought to be made better. Every man ought to be a pessimist in that sense; but, if there is a God, there is no place for the man who is a pessimist as regards the ultimate issues of life and time. Hope is not simply an amiable and cheerful quality of character: it is the convincing evidence of faith. To lack it is to doubt God: to possess it as a deep and powerful impulse is to believe in God as the most real of all realities. Carlyle was right when he said that in every age the critical conflict is between the believer and the unbeliever, between the man who sees in all life the manifestation of a divine Purpose and the man who sees nothing beyond the tangible and material order and movement about him; and this conflict is critical and fundamental, because the ideas which dominate society are determined in the end by belief or disbelief in God. There are good men who do not accept any formal statement of the existence and nature of Deity, but the real atheists are few. Atheism in theory or in practice is the root of all evil; and vital belief in God is not only the loftiest attainment of the human mind, but it is the necessity of society. Without it society would disintegrate.

But to believe in God is not always to realize his presence in the turmoil of human strife and struggle. The working faith of a multitude is expressed in the comment once made to Carlyle by his mother, "Thomas, the world is a lie; but God is true." With all his marvellous endowments, Carlyle never got beyond this frightful contradiction,—a contradiction which has its root in atheism. There are lies in this world because there are men in it who make and utter lies; but, if God is true, the world must also be true. The difficulty with most of us is that we believe as far as we can see, and we doubt the rest of the way. When we come to the great mystery of pain, sin, sorrow, and waste, we invoke the devil, and divide the government of the universe between him and God. This is an easy and deceptive solution of the mystery; but to the thoughtful man it is no solution at all, either in religion or philosophy. No compromise is possible between faith and theism, however often theology may have tried, in its intellectual blindness and spiritual faintness of heart, to make one. There is a God or there is not. If there is no God, no man can think evil enough of this world and the life men live in it. If there is a God, nothing is too good to believe, because, as Paul has told us in one of his most impassioned statements, no man can comprehend the resources of a divine creation in the final development of blessedness. In a God-made world there is no room for the pessimist,—for the man who believes in God as far as he can understand what is going on around him, and then takes refuge in the devil when he gets beyond his depth. To really believe in God in the world to come, one must believe in him in the world that now is; and there never was ranker atheism than the feeling of doubt often expressed by good people about the outcome of the struggle going on about us.

To hope is, therefore, not a privilege, but a duty; for hope is the temper that grows out of belief. If God is really with us, and humanity has not defeated his purpose nor the world slipped from his grasp, then we are bound to hope. Men forget how much fear they have outlived and how far the black shadow which once rested on the landscape of life has receded. Primitive life was enveloped in mystery and darkened by fear. There was fear of the dead, of the malice of evil spirits, of possession by demons, of monsters in the sea and hateful existences in the forests, of blight, of envious stars, of magical influences. All existence was encircled by shadows, and every unexplored place was peopled with enemies. One by one these grosser fears vanished, to be followed by intellectual bogies and monstrosities not so tangible, but even more disheartening; and now these

later phantasms of the brain are going the way of all unbelief,—for fear is always a form of unbelief. Men are beginning to live as the children of God, not only as their fathers did, in righteousness and humility, but also in cheerfulness and hope. The problems of life were never more pressing or more appalling, and were never comprehended so generally as at this moment; but, with this development of a world-wide consciousness of misery, there is coming a world-wide consciousness of a God working through all human conditions, however dark and forbidding. The method of evolution throws a flood of light on many dark places; and there are many who are learning the great lesson of postponing judgment until fuller knowledge comes, and meantime believing, not only that wrong things are to be ended, but that right things are to come in their places. Negative salvation will not answer in a God-made world. It is not enough to extricate ourselves from the wreck: the world itself must be saved.

And this salvation is coming through those who dare to hope, who believe that the world as God made it is good, and life as God planned it a blessing, who reject the idea of a "vale of tears," and accept the idea of a great field of growth, struggle, and fruitage. Society is moved upward by the men who dare to hope, often against all apparent reason for hope, who insist, no matter how black the night, that Browning is right, and that "God's in his heaven" and "All's right with the world." Christ hoped in the darkness of a despairing world. Paul sublimely described himself as "a prisoner of hope." Luther took counsel of his hope, and gave his fears to the wind. Phillips Brooks dared to believe the divinest truth about God and the most inspiring and consoling things about humanity; and he opened the door of the future to a multitude who, without such leadership, would hardly have dared to believe such a gospel true. For many of us do not dare to believe in God and in our fellows and in ourselves. The leaders are the men who dare to believe, who hold to the possibility of making life richer and happier, of making religion deeper and sweeter, of making the Church diviner in its sympathy and ministry, of making business more Christian, laws more just, society more like God's thought of it and less like man's fear of his neighbor. The critical spirit has its place and work in this world; but leadership belongs to the constructive spirit, quick to see truth, however garbed, to recognize progress, however humbly heralded, and to honor growth, however limited and crude. The pessimist has his immediate duty and work; but the future belongs to the optimist,—to the man who dares to hope, and binds his fortunes to his hopes as to the most enduring realities.—*The Outlook.*

ONE UPWARD LOOK EACH DAY.

Sunday.

In the Dark.

O Thou who art my only Light,
Thee do I follow through the night;
Though home and hope are out of sight,
Firm trust in thee my spirit hath;
  Thou knowest my path!

Although I cannot see thy face,
I feel the warmth of thy embrace,
Infold me in the dangerous place
Where sin lies waiting to betray;
  Thou knowest my way.

O thou who seest me through and through,—
The thoughts I think, the deeds I do,—
Thou knowest I would to thee be true!
Oh, draw me closer to thy side,
  My Lord, my Guide!

Thou knewest me, lovedst me in the past,
Even when the tempter held me fast;
Thy wanderer has come home at last,
Never again from thee to stray,—
  From thee, my Way!

I know not what may yet unfold
Beyond the morning's gates of gold.
This is my heaven,— thy hand to hold,
Thy steps to follow through the night,
  My Life, my Light!

—*Lucy Larcom.*

Monday.

A Prayer.

Up from the depths of a sad heart
  Send I this prayer to thee.
O Father, teach me how to understand
  That not for seven times alone
  Must I forgive the injury done,
  But still, as day by day
  My fellow-man shall say
  With contrite spirit, "I repent!"
  I from stern justice must relent,

And answer him, "My brother, I forgive."
Teach me that, though 'tis human to resent
The wrongs we all receive each day we live,
With prayerful souls we must look up to thee, and learn
'Tis Christ-like to forgive.

TUESDAY.

Fulfilment.

All things fulfil their purpose, low or high;
There is no failure; Death can never mar
The least or greatest of the things that are;
Until our work is done, we cannot die;
When it is done, it matters not how nigh
May be the night-time that is never far,
That long ere sunset lights the evening star
Throws its still shadow up into the sky.

To-day shall end what yesterday begun;
What we are planning others yet may build;
The leaves may wither, but the tree shall grow.
And though, at last, we leave our work undone,
Our life will not the less be all fulfilled,
Our work will all be even finished so.

—*Chambers's Journal.*

WEDNESDAY.

Hints.

They whose hearts are whole and strong,
Loving holiness,
Living clean from soil of wrong,
Wearing Truth's white dress,—
They unto no far-off height
Wearily need climb:
Heaven to them is close in sight
From these shores of time.

Only the anointed eye
Sees in common things,
Gleam of wave and tint of sky,
Heavenly blossomings.
To the hearts where light has birth
Nothing can be drear;
Budding through the bloom of earth,
Heaven is always near.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

THURSDAY.

The Two Judgments.

A man once sinned, and so the world
Did him pass by,
With scorning mien and lip out-curled
In mocking cry.

Beneath its cruel weight of blame
His sad heart bled;
Before its scourging lash of shame
He ever fled,

Until at last (O sequel sweet
To human woe!)
Down at the great world's busy feet
Death laid him low.

Then, as this strange, new majesty
O'er him did brood,
The world turned all its mockery
To reverent mood,

Nor named his sin; but with low breath
And humbled pride,
One whom in life it judged, in death
It justified.

. . . . . .

O blind, irrational world, and slow
To comprehend
That charity can never go
Beyond life's end!

The living only are thine own
To bless or blight:
The dead are God's, and he alone
Will judge aright.

—*Lucile Rutland.*

FRIDAY.

'Twould make a Better World.

If men cared less for wealth and fame,
And less for battlefields and glory;
If writ in human hearts a name
Seemed better than in song or story;
If men instead of nursing pride
Would learn to hate it and abhor it;
If more relied
On love to guide,—
The world would be the better for it.

If men dealt less in stocks and lands,
And more in bonds and deeds fraternal;
If love's work had more willing hands
To link this world with the supernal;
If men stored up love's oil and wine
And on bruised human hearts would pour it;
If "yours" and "mine"
Would once combine,—
The world would be the better for it.

If more would act the play of life,
And fewer spoil it in rehearsal;
If bigotry would sheathe its knife
Till good became more universal;
If custom, gray with ages grown,
Had fewer blind men to adore it;
If talent shone
In truth alone,—
The world would be the better for it.

If men were wise in little things,—
Affecting less in all their dealings;
If hearts had fewer rusted strings
To isolate their kindred feelings;

If men, when wrong beats down the right,
Would strike together to restore it;
If right made might
In every fight,—
The world would be the better for it.

—*N. H. Cobb.*

SATURDAY.

The Dark Angel.

Count each affliction, whether light or grave,
God's messenger sent down to thee. Do thou
With courtesy receive him: rise and bow;
And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
Permission first his heavenly feet to lave;
Then lay before him all thou hast; allow
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow
Or mar thy hospitality; no wave
Of mortal tumult to obliterate
Thy soul's marmoreal calmness. Grief should be
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate,
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free;
Strong to consume small troubles; to commend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end.

—*Aubrey de Vere.*

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We are glad to be able to print in this number of the *Unitarian* (page 383) the program, nearly complete, of the International Unitarian Congress to be held in connection with the World's Fair in Chicago in September. We had hoped to give our readers this information earlier, though six weeks still remain before the opening of the Congress. The Committee of Arrangements, of which Rev. Jenkin Ll. Jones is chairman, ask us to publish the following explanation from them: "We have withheld the program this long, hoping to hear from the English committee which was appointed by the British and Foreign Unitarian Association for the purpose of co-operating with us, the parts assigned to the English brethren having been referred to that committee. We cannot delay further, and so ask you to publish as fully as possible, and keep before the public the program sent. We give no names except those who have accepted the parts assigned to them, some of them conditionally. It is also just to the committee to say that several names of American Unitarians are on our list held in reserve until we hear from our English brethren. As soon as further details are settled we will communicate them to you. The committee will be glad to furnish any further information within their power. The prospects are favorable for a strong meeting. The program will be printed in its final form by the authorities of the Congress in connection with all the other religious denominations, and the great Parliament of Religions itself." It may be of use to add that the general Parliament will open September 11, and continue seventeen days. During this time each denomination will be allowed one day to present its views. The Unitarian "Presentation Day" will be Saturday, September 16.

Chauncey Depew was right when he said, after visiting the World's Fair, "The best of Europe is here": only he might well have put it stronger, and said, "The best of the world is here." We have heard a man of very wide knowledge, and not a resident of Chicago, either, say, "A year of travel, including a trip around the globe, will not enable a man to see so much that is worth seeing as will two weeks at this magnificent and unparalleled Exposition." We have spent two weeks at the Exposition, and we believe he did not exaggerate. Say what we will about Chicago's "brag," all who have visited the marvellous "White City" have to confess that in the present case, at least, her "brag" has fallen far below her achievements.

Rarely has this country seen so vast a collection of people gathered in one place as that which thronged the grounds and buildings of the World's Fair on the Fourth of July. The number was nearly 325,000. Yet nowhere during the day, or in the evening until the fireworks were over and the multitude started for home, was there as much crowding as is often seen in our busy city streets, so admirably are the buildings and grounds arranged for distributing the people. Countless flags floated upon the air on every hand, and there were other decorations in profusion in honor of the day. The speaking in the "Court of Honor" before the Administration Building was good, but of course was heard by but few. The

many fine concerts on the grounds were listened to by tens of thousands. The illumination of the buildings in the evening could hardly have been more magnificent; and, to crown all, there were splendid fireworks on the lake shore. No one who was present will ever forget the Fourth of July at the World's Fair.

Though the facilities for getting to and from the Fair are surprisingly good (it is said that there is transportation for 100,000 persons each way per hour), yet, of course, when the fireworks were over and more than a quarter of a million persons wanted transportation at once, it was not strange that there should be crowding, delays, and some impatience. But even this had its offsets. At one of the gates, near which the writer of this happened to be, occurred as beautiful a bit of knight-errantry as has come to our notice in many a long day. We could not forgive ourselves if we did not give it to our readers. There was a solid mass of men and women outside the gate struggling to get trains, and among them an old woman who was entirely too feeble to hold her own against the crush. Half a dozen young men noticed her condition, and came at once to her aid. They immediately surrounded her, a big six-footer leading the way, and calling to the crowd, "Fall back there, boys, and make way for mother." The six walked on either side of the old lady, and the crowd which had seemed tightly wedged together found some way of swaying back enough to allow "mother" and her chivalric escort to reach the train. Having seen her safely on board, her stalwart body-guard came back into the crowd, and lent service to a little woman who was holding a small child high up in her arms to keep it from being injured in the press. The big leader took the baby, and, lifting it up high above harm, led the way until, with the aid of his faithful helpers, he had escorted this lady also to the train. We do not know the names of these young men, but by their noble and unselfish conduct they not only benefited two unprotected women who greatly needed aid, but they unconsciously lifted up an ideal of manhood which no one who saw their deed or learns of it will fail to feel the nobleness of. One who looked on declared next morning, "No princess ever received more courteous service than was given by these unheralded, unknown knights to those unprotected American mothers."

At last the long and wearisome struggle about "Sunday closing" is over. By an almost unanimous vote the Directory has decided to keep the Fair open only six days a week. We are sorry. But, if this greatest and noblest educational institution that the world ever saw must be closed against the public on the day of the public's greatest leisure, we are glad that it is closed on purely business grounds, and not on grounds theological. The Supreme Court of the United States, by the unanimous voice of three of its judges, decide that Congress has no power to close the Fair on Sunday. This is a great victory for religious liberty in this country. The Directory of the Fair refused stoutly and persistently to assent to the claim of the orthodox churches that to keep the Fair open was to desecrate the Sabbath; but in the name of morals and religion, as well as of liberty and justice to all, they insisted that the Fair ought not to be closed. On this broad and true ground they kept it open four Sundays, and would have done so to the end of the season, had the public supported them. But, after this trial, finding that the public did not come sufficiently to their support to prevent serious financial loss, they were compelled to close. Every lover of justice and religious freedom, and every believer in a broad and national interpretation of religion, owes them a debt of gratitude for the stand they took. It has not been without its influence, and it will not be forgotten. The seed sown by all these months of discussion, by the decision of the Supreme Court, and by the noble and enlightened action of the Directory, will yet bear fruit. Religious superstition dies hard, but it dies at last. In a quarter of a century from now, when we hold our *next* World's Fair in this country, we shall have a public enlightened and noble enough—yes, and let us trust, also, a *church* enlightened and noble enough—to demand that such a vast and powerful educating, inspiring, and ennobling influence shall not be denied to the people on the day which ought to be consecrated to all that is best in human life.

The appointment of Rev. C. W. Wendte to the superintendency of the Unitarian Church extension work on the Pacific Coast is one that will give general satisfaction in the East as well as on the field where he is to labor. After the resignation of Rev. Thomas Van Ness it was a question whether an effort should not be made to appoint two superintendents, one for the northern half of the coast and another for the southern. But it has finally been decided to be wiser to continue the old plan of having one strong and well-known man in charge of all rather than divide under two weaker and less-known men. That Mr. Wendte will do vigorous and effective missionary work in his large and important field nobody doubts. Whether he is wise in continuing meanwhile a semi-pastoral connection with the Oakland church is more open to question.

By a recent vote of the trustees the name of our leading Unitarian theological school in England has been changed from Manchester New College to Manchester College. The location of the college is now Oxford, whither it was removed from London four years ago. It carries in its name a reminiscence of the fact that it had its origin in the city of Manchester. Indeed, so far as location is concerned, its history has been a checkered one. It began in the year 1786 as Manchester Academy. After seventeen years it was removed to York, where it remained thirty-seven years, being known during that time as Manchester College of York. Then it was taken back to Manchester, and the word "New" was added to its name. Next it was transferred to London, still keeping its title of "Manchester New College." For thirty-six years its home was in that metropolis; and then, after long deliberation and discussion, it was removed to the great educational centre where it now is. It is believed that Oxford will be its permanent home. Accordingly, a fine large new building has been erected for it there, the opening and dedication of which will take place in October with the beginning of the next school year. This college has occupied a most important place in the history of English liberal Christianity for more than a century. Great names have been connected with its faculty of instruction, the most conspicuous of all being that of Dr. James Martineau, who was at its head for nearly a full generation. It has trained nearly half the Unitarian preachers of Great Britain this century. Its present faculty, though not a large, is a very strong one, consisting of Dr. James Drummond, Principal and Professor of the New Testament and of Divinity, J. Estlin Carpenter, Professor of the History of Religion, Charles B. Upton, Professor of Philosophy, and Philip H. Wicksteed, Lecturer on Sociology.

Reports come that the Presbyterian missionaries in China are in great fear of expulsion from the country because of the Geary law. Of course, such expulsion on the part of the Chinese government would be only just, and is to be expected as an offset to our breach of faith in expelling Chinamen from this country, We are glad to see that the Presbyterian denomination at home is condemning the Geary law, and calling for its repeal. This gives the New York *Evening Post* occasion to remind that body that one of their own number is responsible for the law's existence; namely, President Harrison. The Geary bill became a law by the signature of Mr. Harrison, who is a Presbyterian elder, and who had in his cabinet at the time two other Presbyterian elders. Thus do evil deeds, as well as evil birds, come home to roost.

The last heretic developed by the Briggs trial is Dr. Penman, pastor of a prominent Presbyterian church in New York City. Says the *Times*, in reporting the case: "Dr. Penman has resigned his pulpit, declaring himself unable longer to sustain and subscribe to the system of doctrine of the Presbyterian Church. He sat in the recent assembly as delegate, and voted with the minority in favor of Dr. Briggs. In retiring from his pastorate, he spoke frankly and courageously. His investigation during the last four years had made it more and more evident to him that he was growing out of sympathy with the system of doctrine as held by the Presbyterian Church, but he had continued in the hope that the last general assembly would declare itself in favor of progress in doctrine and liberty of investigation. That

hope was disappointed, and he felt therefore that he must retire from the denomination with which he had been associated."

We fully agree with the *Times* when it commends Dr. Penman's course as a straightforward, honest, manly one, and when it adds: "Churches are entitled to maintain their standards of doctrine. He who holds a commission of a church, and is not in sympathy with its doctrines, does himself and the church injustice by remaining. He is a mere time-server unless he takes his departure." The *Times* closes its article with the pertinent suggestion: "When a friend and disciple of Prof. Briggs feels compelled to the course pursued by Dr. Penman, surely the professor himself must have some misgivings as to the honesty of his own position."

Perhaps we should not call Mr. Penman the *latest* heretic; for another has just appeared over in Canada. Prof. John Campbell of the Presbyterian College in Montreal has been indicted for heresy by the Montreal Presbytery for utterances made by him in an address recently delivered before the students of Queen's University in Kingston. His trial is announced as to begin August 1.

Departments.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

With every desire to see and acknowledge the difficulties in the path of a Sunday-school teacher, still it is needful to have an ideal,—not for cavil and discouragement, but as an inspiration and guide. How can we depict the ideal Sunday-school teacher? She (women being in the majority) will put her heart into her work; good will and sympathy will be visible in her face and voice. The dry fact and abstruse truth will be touched with a glow of interpreting interest. She will individualize her scholars, and have a key to the springs of character in each. How to reach one as distinguished from the next will be her study not less than the topic. She will make her text-book subordinate to her own fertile suggestions, and to the talk and questions evoked in the class. Abhor, must she, the strictly mechanical method of question-and-answer. Aiming to create thought and to quicken mental activity, the ideal teacher follows no stereotyped course. She will always keep a wise and beneficial perspective in the treatment of her subjects. Before the lesson is dismissed there must be a clearing up of the thought, so that the essential facts and principles are disentangled from small and distorting discussions. She will take a deep interest in the welfare of the whole school; speak for it, advocate it, co-operate to further its prosperity. She will attend teachers' meetings faithfully, and in all ways seek fitly to prepare herself for the coming Sunday's duty; for preparation concerns not the lesson alone: one's self must have the right spirit. The Sunday-school is the church in its religious and moral educational phase. To serve it properly, the spiritual mood and attitude must be companions.

Then there is the model Sunday-school scholar. He appreciates the opportunity. His parents join to aid him in the adequate preparation of his lessons. He loves to be with his mates in the regular exercises. Attentive to the teacher's words, he brings his own mind to bear on the topic, and helps on the hour's conversation. He shows to his friends the love he bears the school by loyal word and zeal, so that they seek the same place. As he grows older, the beliefs of his Church, and the reasons for his faith, are distinctly understood. Gradually he sees the union of the church and the Sunday-school; volunteers to serve in the departments of the church life, and becomes a hearty representative of organized religion, with a strong, rounded character to meet social and mercantile vicissitudes.

One more etching,—the ideal minister in relation to the Sunday-school. He believes in the organization as inevitable and necessary. Beholding its weakness and its trials, he is not daunted. He plans for its better fulfilment, keeps a living, inspiring contact with the teachers, is a vital part in the year's work, cheers on the toilers, and makes himself young with the pupils. Holds teachers' meetings, keeps the Sunday-school prominently before the congregation, arranges joint services on special occasions. Utters optimistic comments, bridles the censorious impulse, aims to obtain a maximum of instruction with a minimum of waste time, never allows a rivalry to arise between the church worship and work and the young people's doings. Bindeth together all things, hopeth all things, trieth all things, is never afraid to ask for money from his people to aid Sunday-school affairs. He is a man who sees full well that the future of the Church, the faith, and progress in religion depend on the allegiance and intelligent aid of the rising generation.

We gave in the last *Unitarian* announcements of various new publications by the Unitarian Sunday School Society. In addi-

tion, we are now ready to state that a three years' course of study, to be issued in weekly leaflet form, will be offered, beginning in September. This scheme will be one topic, with three grades,—primary, intermediate, advanced. Subject for the first year, Old Testament; second year, Life of Jesus; third year, Teachings of Jesus. The lessons for the advanced classes will be prepared by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford; intermediate lessons, by Rev. W. H. Lyon; primary lessons (illustrated), by Mrs. J. C. Jaynes. There will be talks in Channing Hall every Saturday afternoon on the topic for the following Sunday, conducted by the authors of the lessons, free to teachers and those interested. The committee originally chosen to mature and present a course of lessons and of normal class instruction was from the Unitarian Sunday School Society and the Boston Sunday School Union, consisting of R. C. Metcalf, A. C. Dockham, A. C. Burnham, and the President of the Sunday School Society.

Volume VIII. of *Every Other Sunday* is now ready in tasteful bound form, offering a large variety of interesting reading matter and attractive illustrations. Price 75 cents.

The annual meeting of the Unitarian Sunday School Society will be held in October at West Newton.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

GUILDS.

STEADFASTNESS.

Read before the Guild at Milford, N.H., by Lena M. Sargent.

"I make a decree that in every dominion of my kingdom men tremble and fear before the God of Daniel, because he is a living God, and steadfast forever."—DAN. vi. 26.

We should be steadfast in all things, have a purpose in life, and stand firmly by it. Our great difficulty is that we are purposeless.

We should stand up in the face of every opposition, and declare, as Paul did, "I will not come under the power of any one."

To the demand "Resist and overcome" we are inclined to say, "I won't" or "I can't." None is too unwilling, if he be so disposed, to resolve to be steadfast. God does not ask of any one what he has not given him the power to perform, and he does not expect us to conquer if he has not given us the ability to do so. He may ask difficult things, but never impossible ones.

Man was not made as volatile as a dead leaf, to be whirled about over the world, stopping nowhere, but with a will that can have a principle, and can stand steadfastly by it.

These questions often arise in our daily lives: Why are our lives so full of failures? Why are there more defeats than victories? The answer is this: "that the power of resistance and steadfastness are unused powers."

We go into our work in the world, the various scenes of duty and discipline, the places where temptations meet us, the places where many times already they have mastered us; but we go again and again, just as we have again and again gone, thoughtless, heedless, ourselves tempting temptation, and the result is we meet with failures and discouragement.

We have gone into life as an army would which goes into an engagement without a cannon or a bayonet, a bullet or a sword. We have discarded every means of repelling an attack, we have placed ourselves in front of the post of danger where we are assaulted front, flank, and rear; and we have not even the means for covering our retreat, but, unarmed and exposed, we stand at the mercy of a merciless foe. We violate all law, and then upbraid God because he has not helped us.

All this trouble arises for one reason: we are not steadfast, and are not prepared for all danger.

We have two courses open to us: in one we find the powers of faith, courage, persistence, and steadfastness,—no unattainable qualities, no rare gifts of God, but things within your reach and the reach of all. This course leads to eternal life, but the other leads to destruction. Which shall we have? "Even by bartering his birthright gained his life," but only misery and shame does a man get who is not steadfast, and yields his soul to the wiles of temptation.

God make us heirs to honor, glory, and immortality: these shall be the portion of every one who, like Paul, can say, "I will not be brought under the power of any one."

An encouraging account is given of the Children's Guild in Winchendon, Mass. Very young children have led meetings and given their own little papers on practical themes.

The Guild of the Good Shepherd at Pittsfield, Mass., made a very good showing by the report of the secretary at the annual meeting. Dr. Clarke's "Self-culture" was used the first year, and his "Ten Great Religions" the past season. The guild has raised money for various purposes. Altogether, we feel that this organization must be of decided helpfulness to the new church of our faith in Pittsfield.

At the anniversary of the Sunday-school in Concord, Mass., the guild had charge of the preparation of plants and the distribution of them to all the children of the school and parish. It was a pleasant sight to see the plants raised on high at the same time, making the place look like a large conservatory or greenhouse.

We are glad to find that guilds are to be recognized in the International Congress of Unitarians at the World's Fair. From Saturday, September 16, to Friday, September 22, Unitarianism has a share in the World's Congress of Religions. The president of the Alliance has been asked to give a fifteen-minute address in regard to the guild movement on Friday, September 22, along with various other speakers who represent "The Present Organized Forces of Unitarianism."

Now is the time for officers and committees in our young people's religious organizations to be looking forward to the arrangement of courses and plans of work for the next season. As we believe in our cause, let us see to it that the next year shall record sure progress in our work.

B. R. Bulkeley.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

The South Carolina Experiment.—It will be remembered that South Carolina has passed a somewhat novel law, taking the whole liquor business, wholesale and retail, into the charge of the State, with local option for those communities who wish entire prohibition of the business. This experiment cuts directly at the menacing liquor ring and its vast money power, and its greed of gain. The same object is in view at which the Norwegian system aims; namely, the taking away all private interest in increasing the sale of intoxicating drinks. It appears now that in one of the circuit courts of the State the new law has been pronounced unconstitutional. The ground of this judgment seems to be that, while the State can make police regulations restricting, or even forbidding, the sale of intoxicants, it has no more right to establish for itself a monopoly and to go into the liquor business than it would have to make a State monopoly for the sale of "meats, vegetables, mineral waters, provisions," etc.

One wonders whether this decision can stand in the final arbitrament of the Supreme Court. There are surely reasons in consideration of the public good for treating the business of the intoxicating drinks as we treat the sale of poisons and explosions, in an entirely different manner from most of the articles mentioned by Judge Hudson. Even if the judge is right in deeming the new law unconstitutional, the further question will recur whether such a law ought not to be made constitutional. If the State can confer a monopoly upon licenses, it is hard to see why it cannot assume the same monopoly which its licensees have abused.

The Swiss System.—The *Review of Reviews* quotes from a paper in the *Economic Review* (London). The Swiss have undertaken the experiment of maintaining a State monopoly of the strong drinks. This is quite in accord with their democratic spirit. It appears that already the consumption of liquors per head has fallen off almost one quarter. Mr. King, the writer of the article upon this subject, says:—

"It is remarkable, and a good omen for the future, that the greatest step which the Swiss have yet taken in socialism was taken to cope with the greatest moral evil besetting Europe to-day,—the evil of excessive alcohol drinking. The Swiss nation has shown, what all Europe should be glad to learn, that legislation may lessen the evils of drink without interfering with individual freedom; that a policy of State socialism may be one of higher morality and of economical and efficient administration, and that moral regeneration and progressive statesmanship cannot afford to part company."

Coffee-houses.—It is an interesting question why coffee-houses have not had a larger success in this country. We learn that the amount of capital invested in coffee-houses, temperance restaurants, and hotels in Great Britain is estimated as probably in excess of $10,000,000. There are seven thousand such establishments, employing fifty-six thousand persons. One company has sixty-four coffee-houses in the single city of Liverpool. It is maintained that the coffee-house movement has probably "done more than any other single agency to diminish intemperance." These houses, moreover, are generally made to pay.

"Evening attractions are made a special study. Newspapers and periodicals are on the tables, a piano is a requisite piece of furniture. In some cases concerts, entertainments, and debates are arranged. Games of skill, such as chess, draughts, and billiards, are provided and encouraged; for here they can be practised apart from drink, gambling, profanity, and bad company, with which they are too often associated elsewhere."

It is true that we have many restaurants which are practically temperance houses. But they commonly lack the attractive features which are needed to win drinking men from the saloons. Is it not possible that our American temperance reformers, in their haste to settle the drink question once for all by prohibition, had neglected their nearer opportunities?

C. R. Eliot.

LITERARY NOTES.

"Civilization's Inferno." By B. O. Flower. Arena Publishing Co., Boston. Paper, 50 cents.—We have here a series of what the author calls "studies in the social cellar." It is an earnest and graphic portraiture of the condition of the poorer and more neglected classes in our great cities, set off against the condition of the rich, fashionable, and heartless class, who shut their eyes to all this misery, and only concern themselves with their own selfish pleasures. The book reads very much like the utterance of a nineteenth-century Jeremiah; but in this world Jeremiahs will long be necessary. Its stern and pitiless facts ought to be put before the public, and kept before the public until they are heeded. The titles of the chapters are Society's Exiles, Two Hours in the Social Cellar, The Democracy of Darkness, Why the Ishmaelites multiply, The Froth and the Dregs, A Pilgrimage and a Vision, What of the Morrow? Among the rest Mr. Flower utters some strong words to the churches, at which they ought to wince, then lay the words to heart, and thank him.

It is a happy thought, and a manifestation of true piety, that has suggested the preservation of the early home of Whittier as a memorial of the great poet. Says the Boston *Commonwealth:* "The interior of the house on the old Whittier homestead at Haverhill, which has undergone changes since the poet's boyhood, has been restored as nearly as possible to the same condition it was in those days. The partition that made the kitchen smaller has been removed, and the fireplace restored to its former size. Pieces of the old appointments of the rooms, which were given away by the Whittier family to relatives and friends, are to be returned, and resume their former places in the various apartments." Already the place is becoming one of pious pilgrimage to hundreds.

The *Non-sectarian* is the name of a monthly journal "devoted to the cause of liberal religion," published in St. Louis and edited by H. R. Whitmore, having Rev. Messrs. John Snyder, John C. Learned, Howard MacQueary, Jacob Merrifield, H. D. Stevens, Dr. H. W. Thomas, and other well-known names on its list of "regular contributors." It is now in its third volume. It has printed much excellent matter. We need hardly say that we are in most hearty sympathy with its aims, and wish it the largest measure of success. The July number, which lies before us, contains articles upon "Fraternalism," by Rev. J. L. Duncan; "Unity," by J. C. Learned; "The Supernatural," by Thomas H. Musick; and "False and True Liberalism," by Rev. J. T. Sunderland.

Mr. Philip Green, 4 and 5 Essex Street, Strand, has been appointed by the Committee of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association Publisher of Books of Liberal and Progressive Theology. He will shortly issue a "Hand-book of Rational Piety," by Rev. H. W. Crosskey, LL.D., F.G.S., "The Beginnings of Christendom," by Rev. W. G. Tarrant, B.A., "The Development of Theology as illustrated in English poetry from 1780 to 1830," by Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, M.A., LL.D. He will also keep on sale American and English Biblical and religious works of a heterodox type.

Once, when Tennyson was reading "Maud" aloud to a group of friends, he paused at the passage

> "Birds in the high Hall-garden
> When twilight was falling,
> Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,
> They were crying and calling."

and asked one of his hearers what birds these were. She was scared into replying sentimentally, "Nightingales." "Bosh!" rejoined Tennyson. "What a cockney you are! Nightingales don't say 'Maud.' Rooks do, or something like it. Caw, caw, caw, caw!" And he resumed the reading.

"Discourses," a volume of eighteen sermons by Rev. Edward H. Hall, pastor of the First Parish, Cambridge, is in press. The sermons are of various years, from 1870 to 1893, among them being a few discourses for special occasions,—Christmas, Easter, Harvest, and Communion Service. The volume includes also the "Soldiers' Pension" sermon of 1890, and ends fittingly with Mr. Hall's farewell discourse of March 26, 1893. The collection is dedicated "to the First Parish in Cambridge, in memory of eleven years of uninterrupted fellowship." It will be awaited with interest by many. [George H. Ellis, publisher.]

The First Unitarian Church of Portland, Ore., has just published a memorial volume containing a history of the church for twenty-five years, from 1867 to 1892, written by Rev. Earl M. Wilbur, the junior pastor. The volume also contains a sketch of the life of Dr. Thomas L. Eliot, the senior pastor, an account of the twenty-fifth anniversary, the constitution and covenant of the church, a list of the members, etc. It is illustrated by numerous half-tone engravings, and is sold in cloth for 75 cents, in morocco for $1.25. Address First Unitarian Church, 346 Yamhill Street, Portland.

The *Pacific Unitarian* says of Joseph Shippen's paper on "Music in the Sunday-school" which we printed in our June issue: "It seems to us the best word on the subject from a practical standpoint that we have ever read. It ought to be reprinted as a tract." We are quite of the same opinion. Will not some of our Sunday-school societies give it to us in tract form?

Our very highly esteemed contemporary, the *Christian Union*, has changed its name to the *Outlook*. We can only say we are sorry, for the old name seems to us far the more virile and significant. We are glad to be assured that the paper will continue to be what it has been in the past in every particular except its name.

The important pamphlet on "The Apostle's Creed" by Prof. Harnack, which has caused such a sensation in religious circles in Germany, has been translated by Mrs. Humphry Ward, and published in the July *Nineteenth Century*,

The *Cosmopolitan*, one of the best and most widely circulated of our popular monthlies, makes the almost startling announcement that its price will be hereafter only 12½ cents per number.

Another volume of essays by George William Curtis will soon be published. The essays have been selected with care from the large number of Mr. Curtis's contributions to *Harper's Magazine*.

Rev. James Vila Blake of Chicago protests against the new extradition treaty with Russia in a strong poem published in the July number of the *New England Magazine*.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have issued a popular edition, in good style, and richly illustrated, of Irving's condensation of his "Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus."

Macmillan & Co. will soon publish the "Life and Art of Edwin Booth," by William Winter.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The Bible: Its Origin, Growth, and Character. By Rev. J. T. Sunderland. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, $1.50.

The Gospel according to Mark. By Henry S. Solly. London: The Sunday School Association. Cloth, 3*s*. 6*d*.

Reasonable Religion. A Series of Twelve Tracts for the Times. London: British and Foreign Unitarian Association. Cloth, 2*s*.

The Gospel and its Earliest Interpretations. By Orello Cone, D.D. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, $1.75.

An Inquiry into the Truth of Dogmatic Christianity. By William D. Harden. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, $1.75.

Ai. A Social Vision. By Charles Daniel. Philadelphia: Miller Publication Company, 206 N. 29th Street. Cloth, $1; paper, 50 cents.

Reincarnation. A Study of Forgotten Truth. By E. D. Walker. New York: John W. Lovell Company. Paper, 50 cents.

Atonement. By Rev. William Tucker, D.D. Boston: Universalist Publishing House. Cloth, 25 cents.

Wit and Humor of the Bible. By Marion D. Shutter, D.D. Boston: Arena Publishing Company. Cloth.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

We name below some of the more important articles in the magazines and reviews of the month: —

The Century Magazine (July).

Color in the Court of Honor at the Fair. By Royal Cortissoz.

The Most Picturesque Place in the World. By J. and E. R. Pennell.

Leaves from the Autobiography of Salvini. By Tommasso Salvini.

An Artist's Letters from Japan. By John La Farge.

A Voice for the People of Russia. By George Kennan.

The New World (July).

Modern Explanations of Religion. By Hermann Schultz.

Evolution: A Restatement. By C. L. Morgan.

Tennyson and Browning as Spiritual Forces. By C. C. Everett.

The Social Movement in French Protestantism. By Elisée Bost.

The Triple Standard in Ethics. By George Batchelor.

The Development of the Psalter. By John P. Peters.

The Congregational Polity. By J. H. Crooker.

Andrew Preston Peabody. By Philip S. Moxom.

Scribner's Magazine (July).

The Life of the Merchant Sailor. By W. Clark Russell.

Foreground and Vista at the Fair. By W. Hamilton Gibson.

Musical Societies of the United States, and their Representation at the World's Fair. By George P. Upton.

Aspects of Nature in the West Indies. By W. K. Brooks.

The North American Review (July).

The Future of Presbyterianism in the United States. By Charles A. Briggs.
Divorce made Easy. By S. J. Brun.
The Anti-trust Campaign. By Albion W. Tourgee.
Should the Chinese be Excluded? By Col. R. G. Ingersoll and Hon. T. J. Geary.
Norway's Political Crisis. By H. H. Boyesen.

International Journal of Ethics (July).

On Certain Psychological Aspects of Moral Training. By Josiah Royce.
The Place of Industry in the Social Organism. By William Smart.
On Human Marriage. By C. N. Starcke.
Character and Conduct. By S. Alexander.
Moral Deficiencies as Determining Intellectual Functions. By George Simmel.

The Arena (July).

Our Foreign Policy. By William D. McCrackan.
Reason at the World's Congress of Religions. By T. Ernest Allen.
Women Wage-earners. By Helen Campbell.
The Bacon-Shakespere Case: The Verdict. By Alfred Russel Wallace.
The Marquis of Lorne, Henry George, and six other eminent men.

The Sanitarian (July).

Sewage Disposal. By T. P. Corbally.
Cellar or No Cellar. By Edward Atkinson.
Recent Advances in Water Analysis, and the Use of the Microscope to detect Sewage Contamination. By George W. Rafter.

The Review of Reviews (July).

The Progress of the World.
An Englishman's Impressions of the Fair. By Rev. F. H. Stead.
Electricity at the World's Fair. By J. R. Cravath.
Two Giants of the Electric Age. Charles D. Lanier and J. Munro.

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

[*News items are solicited from all our ministers and other workers. Send them to the* EDITOR OF THE UNITARIAN, 141 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON, *before the* 18*th of the month.*]

Athol, Mass.—Charles Conklin of the First Unitarian Church has received a call from New Haven, Conn.

Binghamton, N.Y.—Rev. Marion Yager, recently of Hinsdale, N.H., has accepted the call of the First Universalist Church here. The new building will be completed within a few weeks.

Belfast, Me.—Since Rev. J. M. Leighton assumed the pastorate of the old First Church May 1, the congregation has steadily increased. July 9 more than two hundred and fifty people gathered to participate in the celebration of Rose Sunday, and the baptism of seven children. With no extra attraction, the congregation often exceeds one hundred and fifty. A vital social spirit has been awakened, and the outlook is most encouraging to minister and people.

Boston, Mass.—The *Gazette*, in publishing every week the sermons preached by Rev. Charles G. Ames at the Church of the Disciples, is extending a great influence that must be powerful as a life-renewer to multitudes of heart-weary and soul-sick men and women. For these earnest, direct, vigorous addresses of Mr. Ames' ring with the stirring sounds of real life, not crippled life, but rich, strong, and healthy, full of the power of God.

—A good deal of discussion has again been shaken loose over the church vacation question. It is well to have it known that the services of a Unitarian minister can be secured promptly at any time by application to our denominational headquarters, 25 Beacon Street; also that at King's Chapel, New South, Barnard Memorial, Church of the Saviour (Dorchester Street), Meeting-house Hill, and All Souls' Church, Roxbury, there are Sunday services throughout the summer.

California.—The address at the funeral of the late Leland Stanford was given by Dr. Horatio Stebbins of the First Unitarian Church of San Francisco.

Cambridgeport, Mass.—Rev. William H. Johnson of Wilmington, Del., has accepted the invitation to become associate pastor with Rev. Dr. Briggs of the Austin Street Church here, and will begin his new duties September 1.

Chicago, Ill.—For the benefit of such of our readers as may visit the World's Fair and remain in the city over Sunday, we give below the names of the various liberal religious societies of Chicago, with their location and names of ministers. We understand that the four Unitarian churches, and most of the others in the list, will continue their services right through the summer, without any intermission:—

All Souls' Church (Unitarian), corner Oakwood Boulevard and Langley Avenue, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, minister.

Central Church (Independent), Central Music Hall, corner of State and Randolph Streets. David Swing, minister.

Church of Our Father (Universalist), 80 Hall Street. L. J. Dinsmore, minister.

Church of the Messiah (Unitarian), corner of Michigan Avenue and 23d Street. W. W. Fenn, minister.

Church of the Redeemer (Universalist), corner Warren Avenue and Robey Street. W. H. Harris, minister.

Englewood Universalist Church, Stewart Avenue and 65th Street. R. A. White, minister.

Ethical Culture Society, Grand Opera House, Clark Street, near Randolph. M. M. Mangasarian, minister.

K. A. M. Congregation (Jewish), Indiana Avenue and 33d Street. Isaac S. Moses, minister.

Oak Park Unity Church (Universalist). R. F. Johonnot, minister.

People's Church (Independent), McVicker's Theatre, Madison Street, near State. H. W. Thomas, minister.

Ryder Chapel (Universalist), Sheridan Avenue, Woodlawn. John S. Cantwell, minister.

Sinai Congregation (Jewish), Indiana Avenue and 21st Street. E. G. Hirsch, minister.

St. Paul's Church (Universalist), Prairie Avenue and 28th Street. A. J. Canfield, minister.

Third Unitarian Church, corner of Monroe and Laflin Streets. J. Vila Blake, minister.

Unity Church (Unitarian), corner of Dearborn Avenue and Walton Place. T. G. Milsted, minister.

Zion Congregation (Jewish), corner Washington Boulevard and Union Park. Joseph Stoltz, minister.

—Says the *Indian Messenger* of Calcutta: "Mr. P. C. Mozoomdar has, after all, decided to proceed to America in connection with the great religious conference known as the Parliament of Religions to be held in Chicago in September next. Mr. Mozoomdar leaves India by the beginning of July, and travels through the continent of Europe and England. He has been invited to make the public response on behalf of India when addresses of welcome are given to the world's representatives. He will read a paper on "The World's Religious Debt to Asia," besides presiding at one of the regular sessions of the Parliament. Mr. Mozoomdar is also expected to take part in the daily review sections, when the papers of the preceding day are discussed.

Denver, Col.—Rev. N. A. Haskell of San José, Cal., has been called to the pulpit of Unity Church.

Gardner, Mass.— The installation of Rev. T. D. Howard as minister of the First Unitarian Church, which took place Wednesday evening, July 12, was a pleasant and interesting occasion. There was a full attendance, and the services were very appropriate. After the anthem Rev. Ralph E. Conner of Gardner made the prayer of invocation, the minister of the Trinitarian Orthodox church read the selections from the Scripture, and a hymn was sung. Then came the sermon by Rev. C. G. Ames, on "The Living Spirit and a Glorious Church." This was full of rich spiritual thought and inspiration. Then followed the hymn, "Watchman, tell us of the Night," and the prayer of installation by Rev. Walter F. Greenman. A cordial and hearty right hand of fellowship was given by Rev. E. A. Horton; and the people, in earnest and practical words, were addressed by Rev. B. R. Bulkeley of Concord. The exercises were closed by the singing of the doxology and the benediction by the pastor.

Grand Rapids, Mich.— The Unitarian church has invited Rev. H. Digby Johnston of Chicago to become its pastor. The invitation has been accepted, and Mr. Johnston will begin his work September 1. Mr. Johnston was formerly connected with the Episcopal church, has held a Denver pastorate, and was afterward associated with Dr. Rainsford in New York.

Hillsboro Bridge, N.H.—Unity Mission, organized the past year, under the lead of Rev. A. J. Rich, has suspended services till September. Then the probability is that it will be united with Francestown under the lead of one pastor. Mr. Rich has preached most of the time till within a few weeks, when he has called in to aid him such men as Secretary Reynolds, Superintendent Wilson, the Lowell pastor, and others. Services were held every other week till May, when they were held every Sunday evening till July, with increased interest. In spite of local obstacles, the audiences have generally been good, numbering from sixty to one hundred and fifty, and with a fine choir and an orchestra to assist betimes. The services have interested the people. There are several leading members of the place who are identified with the movement,—a doctor, a lawyer, the high school teacher, the bank cashier, who is also at present treasurer of the Orthodox Congregational church, to which the governor of the State lends his patronage, a representative to the State legislature, half a dozen merchants, and several others of character and influence. It has been the object of Mr. Rich to ask the liberal people to organize as a mission, and learn to stand alone and grow into a church, and not to accept aid from the general treasury of the American Unitarian Association until it shall be necessary to call in help. To this end they have generously come up with contributions of $200 to pay bills, a part of which they have agreed to give the preacher as partial compensation for his work. Dr. F. S. Piper, who last year invited Missionary Moors to preach there, thus inaugurating the movement, was made president of "Unity Mission," C. M. Freeman vice-president and clerk, and J. W. Morrison treasurer. These, together with several others, consti-

tute the executive committee. With a pastor on the ground, it will be advisable and easy to organize a Sunday-school, a Ladies' Society, and other associations.

Louisville, Ky.—Rev. C. J. K. Jones, pastor of the Unitarian church here, said, in his recent address in Boston, that an Episcopal clergyman had lately said to him: "Do you know, sir, twenty-five per cent. of the Episcopalians of the South are to-day Unitarians. If your people could see the open door that is before them, they surely would enter in and occupy the land which they may so easily make their own."

Milford, N.H.—"Children's Sunday" was observed with some variations from the usual way. The Band of Mercy was invited to join the Sunday-school in holding the concert, and proved a fine success. The "Flower Service" prepared by Mr. Horton was used, with additional songs. The quartette led the school, Band of Mercy, and congregation in rendering beautifully the service of song and responsive readings. The young ladies' quartette sang part of the service, and the child quartette interested all with their sweet voices. The recitations, from the leading poets, were on "Flowers" and "Kindness"; and an original paper on "Kindness" by a member of the school was read. The decorations were beautiful, with laurel, field daisies, and roses; and the concert was appreciated by a full house.

The morning service was observed as a meeting for the reception of new members to the church; and a beautiful and costly communion table, a gift from the late Mrs. Mason, was used for the first time. A young miss was baptized, and taken into the Confirmation Class, after which ten persons, mostly young people, came down to the altar to receive the right hand of fellowship by the pastor, the congregation rising to join thus in the welcome to the new members. Four were members of the Livermore Guild, and one of them the president, and another the secretary. The communion service (water being used instead of wine) followed, and was deeply interesting. Deacons and deaconesses are to be elected. It is felt that the latter are quite as needful and as proper as the former. The first communion service at Easter had a lady and a gentleman serving in the distribution of the elements; and the women are necessary in preparing the table for the services, and in the visitation of the poor and the distribution of alms. Thus the church has been thoroughly organized. It has adopted the Bond of Fellowship, as follows: "In the Love of the Truth and in the Spirit of Jesus Christ, we unite for the worship of God and the service of man," together with rules and by-laws. Nearly one hundred members have been admitted through that door. The Confirmation Class —between twelve and sixteen years of age —consists now of twelve members; and some fifteen or sixteen children have been consecrated, all within a little more than a year. The Sunday-school, under the direction of the pastor, keeps up its interest; and four-fifths of the number, on the average, and by count, attend church. The church has suffered greatly from deaths the past two years, fifteen—mostly leading members and strong supporters—having passed away. Others have moved out of town; but our hearts are courageous, and our pastor stands by us in spite of attractions held out to him from elsewhere. As chairman of the Missionary Committee, he will spend several weeks in visiting different parts of the State.

Newton Centre, Mass.—Rev. B. F. McDaniel, recently of San Diego, Cal., has accepted the call of the Unitarian church, and will become its settled pastor September 1.

Providence, R.I.—Rev. William F. Furman of Albany, N.Y., has accepted a unanimous call from the Olney Street Congregational Society of Providence, R.I., and will begin his labors in the fall.

Sacramento, Cal.—The *Daily Record-Union* of July 5 prints in full an excellent sermon by Rev. T. J. Horner on "The Immortal Hope."

Saginaw, Mich.—Twenty-five new members have been admitted to the Universalist church here since last September. A new $4,000 pipe organ has recently been bought by the society. Mr. MacQueary is spending his vacation of six weeks at his old home in Virginia.

San Jose, Cal.—Rev. N. A. Haskell is called to the Denver (Col.) Unitarian pulpit. Mr. Haskell's promotion is deserved, but he will be greatly missed by his late parish and associates on the Pacific Coast. He is a man of unblemished and lovable character, and a preacher of great and growing power. The San José society has called the assistant pastor, Rev. J. H. Garnett, to the vacant pulpit.

Spokane, Wash.—Says the *Pacific Unitarian:* "This city has been recently victimized by a clerical in appearance and name, who called himself Robert Collyer, and delivered in fine elocutionary style a sermon and a lecture which an intelligent auditor, with an inconvenient memory, hunted up in the works of Talmage. The lecture of four thousand five hundred words, on 'The School for Scandal,' had been thoroughly memorized, and was delivered without notes. The impostor was entertained by the Presbyterian minister, who is reported to be now at work upon a sermon from the paraphrased text, 'He was a stranger, and he took us in.'"

Tiverton, R.I.—Rev. Henry M. Green, a resident graduate at the Harvard Divinity School, has received a call to become the pastor of our Unitarian church.

Tokyo, Japan.—The closing exercises of the Tokyo Jiyu Shin Gakko were held on June 16. About thirty-five persons were present, including representatives, native and foreign, of the German evangelical and Universalist missions. The father, mother, and brother of Mr. Kitashima, who is now studying at Cambridge preparatory to our work, were also present. The hall was beautifully decorated through the efforts of the students, and everybody seemed to be in the happiest mood. Prof. Saji conducted the opening religious service. Prof. Droppers then spoke on the new-world movement to which we must look to-day, as the revolutionists of a hundred years ago looked to the coming of freedom, for the salvation of the race. Not more freedom, but more humanity, is the need, he said, of the age. The new movement will be scientific: more and more is there need of the highest wisdom in all reformatory measures. It will also be moral: men must and will, more and more, feel the binding obligation that rests on all to serve others. It will be intensely religious; for, though outward forms of piety may be less observed, men are coming into a fuller sense of the relationship which they bear to all else, and in this is true religion. Prof. Onish, then spoke with much eloquence on the closing period of Greek philosophy. This address, like Prof. Saji's opening service, was in Japanese, though the majority of those present could understand both languages. Mr. Lawrance then spoke of the history of the school in the two years of its existence. In some respects, he said, this school is unlike any other in Japan. Referring to the lectures just given, he said that it was the purpose of the management of the school to have in it as much as possible of the best of the Greek spirit,—the poetic philosophy of Plato, the acute methods of Aristotle, and that breadth of view and catholicity of spirit which characterized the so-called Greek period of the Christian Church. Or, in the formula of Prof. Droppers, it was the purpose to make, not only the school, but the whole mission work, so far as possible, at once scientific, deeply moral, and profoundly and rationally religious. Mr. Lawrance spoke of the absence of President MacCauley in America, whither he has gone in our interest, and of the receipt from him of a cable despatch which brought welcome news. He also spoke of the departure, at the new year, of Prof. Wigmore, whose engagement had expired, and our recent great loss in the going of Prof. Liscomb. This last loss is the more keenly felt as it has been caused by declining health. All who know Prof. Liscomb in this country—and that means a remarkably large number of people from all classes of society—follow him with a sense of personal loss and with a heartfelt desire that he may be restored by this change to a residence in a more favorable climate. After the formal exercises were concluded, the company broke up, to be reseated around tables where they were served with light refreshments in the best Japanese style.—*Christian Register.*

Washita, Ia.—The liberals of the little village of Washita were the recipients of a great intellectual treat Sunday, July 9. Rev. Mary A. Safford of Sioux City preached in the afternoon in the Masonic Hall. The room was crowded to overflowing. Her theme was "The Growing Thought of God"; and the words of the text were, "God is love," "There is one God and Father of all, who is above all and through all and in you all." Miss Safford having been the first Unitarian minister who had ever preached in Washita, the sermon was necessarily a little doctrinal; but the gradual development of the idea of God held by the Calvinist up to the present high conception of the liberal evolutionist was beautifully wrought out.

Weirs, N.H.—The Sixteenth Annual Grove Meeting will be held July 30 to August 7.

PROGRAMME.

Saturday, July 29.—8 P.M., reception at the Lakeside House.

Sunday, July 30.—10 A.M., service of song. 10.30 A.M., sermon by Rev. Francis H. James of China (probably). Rev. James Edward Wright of Montpelier, alternate. 2.30 P.M., sermon by Mrs. Laura Ormiston Chant of London, Eng. 7.30 P.M., conference, led by Rev. Samuel C. Beane of Newburyport.

Monday, July 31.—1.45 P.M., excursion on the lake. 7.30 P.M., conference, led by Rev. William H. Ramsay of Manchester.

Tuesday, August 1.—10.30 A.M., conference, led by Rev. Enoch Powell of Nashua. 2.30 P.M., sermon by Rev. Frank L. Phalen of Concord. 7.30 P.M., an evening with the poet Whittier. An intimate friend of Whittier has been invited to lead the conversation.

Wednesday, August 2.—10.30 A.M., sermon by Rev. Enoch Powell of Nashua. 1.45 P.M., excursion to Wolfeboro. 7.30 P.M., address by Mr. William M. Salter of the Ethical Culture Society, Philadelphia.

Thursday, August 3.—10.30 A.M., sermon by Rev. Augustus M. Lord of Providence. 2.30 P.M., "The Opportunity and Mission of a United Liberal Christianity." Speakers, Rev. James Edward Wright of Montpelier, Rev. Henry Blanchard, D.D., of Portland, Rev. Grindall Reynolds of Boston, Rev. Francis B. Hornbrooke of Newton, Rev. Thomas W. Illman of Concord, Rev.

Daniel M. Wilson of Boston. 7.30 P.M., same meeting continued. Speakers, Rev. E. L. Rexford, D.D., of Boston, Rev. Watari Kitashima of Japan, Rev. Frank O. Hall of Lowell, Rev. Frank L. Phalen of Concord.

Friday, August 4.—10.30 A.M., sermon by Rev. Daniel M. Wilson of Boston. 2.30 P.M., sermon by Rev. Henry Blanchard, D.D., of Portland. 7.30 P.M., "The Religious Outlook." Letters are expected from such veteran preachers and thinkers as Dr. Furness of Philadelphia, Dr. Morrison of Boston, Dr. Stebbins of San Francisco, and many others. 9.30 P.M., reception at Hotel Sanborn.

Saturday, August 5.—10.30 A.M., sermon by Rev. William H. Savage of Watertown. 2 P.M., Laymen's Day Meeting. Hon. George B. Chandler of Manchester will preside. Distinguished lay speakers will be provided, and the programme arranged by the committee, Hon. George B. Chandler of Manchester, Col. Charles C. Danforth of Concord, and Hon. Joseph W. Fellows of Manchester. 7.30 P.M., lecture by Rev. Watari Kitashima, in costume, on his own country, Japan.

Sunday, August 6.—10 A.M., service of praise. 10.30 A.M., sermon by Rev. William R. Alger of Boston. 2.30 P.M., sermon by Rev. E. L. Rexford, D.D., of Boston. 7.30 P.M., farewell conference, led by Rev. James B. Morrison of Laconia.

Monday, August 7.—Special excursion to the White Mountains.

International Congress of Unitarians.

To be held in Chicago, Sept. 16-23. 1893, under the Auspices of the World's Congress Auxiliary of the World's Columbian Exposition.

[The arrangement of the parts subject to revision.]

THE UNITARIAN EXPOSITION IN THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS AT ART INSTITUTE BUILDING, REV. E. E. HALE PRESIDING.

Saturday, September 16.

THE UNITARIAN MOVEMENT.

10 A.M. Its Representative Men, Rev. Theodore C. Williams, New York. Its Theological Method, Rev. M. St. C. Wright, New York. Its Place in the Development of Christianity. The Church of the Spirit.

2 P.M. In Literature, Rev. Augustus M. Lord, Providence, R.I. In Philanthropy, Rev. F. G. Peabody, Cambridge. In the Growth of Democracy, Rev. Horatio Stebbins, D.D., San Francisco.

Sunday, September 17.

There will be preaching by the visiting Unitarian clergy in as many of the churches of the city as can be arranged for.

UNITARIAN INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS, TO BE HELD IN THE SINAI TEMPLE (DR. HIRSCH'S), CORNER INDIANA AVENUE AND TWENTY-FIRST STREET.

Monday, September 18.

3 P.M. Meeting of Local Committee and Advisory Council in one of the lesser halls of Art Institute.

8 P.M. Reception in Unity Church. Address of welcome, Rev. Robert Collyer, New York. Original hymn, F. L. Hosmer.

Tuesday, September 19.

THE HISTORY OF UNITARIANISM.

(*a*) From the Sermon on the Mount to the Nicene Creed, Rev. T. R. Slicer, Buffalo.
(*b*) In Poland.
(*c*) In Hungary, Prof. S. Boros or Bishop Ferencz, Kolozsvar, Transylvania.
(*d*) In France, Prof. G. Bonet-Maury, Paris.
(*e*) In Germany.
(*f*) In Italy.
(*g*) In Scandinavia, Prof. Carl van Bergen, Stockholm.
(*h*) In England.
(*i*) In Holland, a representative assured.
(*j*) In America: Pre-Transcendentalism, Rev. J. H. Allen, D.D., Cambridge, Mass. Transcendentalism, Rev. George Batchelor, Lowell, Mass. Post-Transcendentalism, Rev. J. C. Learned, St. Louis, Mo.

Evening.

UNITARIANISM IN NON-CHRISTIAN DEVELOPMENT.

A Representative Jew.
Protab Mozoomdar, India.
A Representative Mohammedan.

Wednesday, September 20.

THE RELIGIOUS DOCTRINES OF UNITARIANISM.

(*a*) The Human Roots of Religion, Rev. F. B. Hornbrooke, West Newton, Mass.
(*b*) God.
(*c*) Jesus, Rev. S. M. Crothers, St. Paul, Minn.

Evening.

(*d*) Man, Rev. H. M. Simmons, Minneapolis, Minn.
(*e*) The Problem of Evil, Rev. S. R. Calthrop, Syracuse.
(*f*) The Life Eternal, Rev. M. J. Savage, Boston.

Thursday, September 21.

UNITARIANISM AND MODERN THOUGHT.

(*a*) Scientific.
(*b*) Old Testament Criticism, Prof. C. H. Toy, Cambridge.
(*c*) New Testament Criticism.
(*d*) Social Problems.
(*e*) Extra-biblical Religions.
(*f*) The Hymns of the Church, Rev. A. P. Putnam, Concord, Mass.

Evening.

THE PROMISE OF UNITARIANISM.

Addresses by a layman, Rev. Anna Garlin Spencer, Rev. W. C. Gannett, and Rev. E. E. Hale.

Friday, September 22.

THE PRESENT ORGANIZED FORCES OF UNITARIANISM.

10 A.M. American Unitarian Association, Grindall Reynolds. National Conference, W. H. Lyon. British and Foreign Unitarian Association. Transylvania, Bishop Ferencz or Prof. Boros. Western Unitarian Conference, Rev. F. L. Hosmer. Unitarian Sunday School Society, Rev. E. A. Horton. Unitarian Guilds, Rev. B. R. Bulkeley, Concord. Unity Clubs, Rev. G. W. Cooke, Boston. Western Unitarian Sunday School So-

ciety, Rev. A. W. Gould, Chicago. Pacific Coast Conference, Rev. C. W. Wendte, San Francisco. Southern Conference, Rev. G. L. Chaney, Atlanta, Ga. In Australia, Miss C. H. Spence.

2 P.M. Women's meeting.

Evening.

Fellowship meeting, with speakers from all branches of the liberal movement in religion. Names to be announced Congress Week.

Saturday, September 23.

8 P.M. Reception in Church of the Messiah.

General Programme of the World's Congresses.

Of the various congresses already held or yet to be held in connection with the World's Fair it is natural that as Unitarians we should feel the deepest interest in that of our own Church, the programme of which is given above. The interest of most of us, however, does not stop with our own. So many of the readers of the *Unitarian* are inquiring about the other congresses that we gladly give the following information as to the order and dates of those that are yet to come: —

July 31.—ENGINEERING: 1. Civil Engineering. 2. Mechanical Engineering. 3. Mining and Metallurgical Engineering. 4. Engineering Education. 5. Military Engineering. 6. Marine Engineering and Naval Architecture. 7. Aerial Navigation. Also the Congress on Water Commerce.

Also on July 31.—ART: 1. Architecture. 2. Painting and Sculpture. 3. Decorative Art. 4. Photographic Art. 5. Art Museums and Schools.

August 7.—GOVERNMENT: 1. Jurisprudence and Law Reform. 2. Civil Service Reform. 3. Suffrage in Republic, Kingdom, and Empire. 4. Government of Cities. 5. Patents and Trade Marks. 6. Social and Economic Science. 7. Weights, Measures, Coinage, and Postage.

August 14.—GENERAL DEPARTMENT: 1. Arbitration and Peace. 2. Africa. 3. Medical Jurisprudence. 4 Dental Congress. 5. Horticulture. 6. Chess.

August 21.—SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY: 1. Astronomy. 2. Anthropology. 3. Chemistry. 4. Electricity. 5. Geology. 6. Indian Ethnology. 7. Meteorology. 8. Pharmacy. 9. Philosophy. 10. Psychical Research. 11. Zoölogy.

August 28.—LABOR: 1. Condition of Labor. 2. Work and Wages of Women and Children. 3. Statistics. 4. Literature and Philosophy of the Labor Movement. 5. Labor Legislation. 6. Living Questions and Means of Progress. 7. Arbitration and Other Remedies. Commencing on same date, Congresses of Social and Economic Science. 1. Economic Science. 2. Science of Statistics. 3. Taxation and Revenues. 4. "The Single Tax." 5. Profit-sharing. 6. Weights, Measures, Coinage, and Postage.

September 4.—RELIGION: 1. Union Meetings. 2. Denominational Presentations to Religious World. 3. Informal Congresses. 4. Denominational Congresses. 5. Missionary Societies. 6. Religious Societies.

September 28.—DEPARTMENT OF SUNDAY REST: 1. Physiological Grounds. 2. Economical Grounds. 3. Governmental Grounds. 4. Social and Moral Grounds 5. Religious Grounds.

October 10.—PUBLIC HEALTH: 1. Sanitary Legislation. 2. Jurisdiction and Work of Public Health Authorities. 3. Prevention, Control, and Mitigation of Epidemics and Contagious Diseases. 4. Food Inspection.

October 16.—AGRICULTURE: 1. General Farm Culture. 2. Animal Industry. 3. Fisheries. 4. Forestry. 5. Veterinary Surgery. 6. Good Roads. 7. Household Economics. 8. Food Problem. 9. Agricultural Legislation. 10. Agricultural Education and Experiment.

Requests for further information or for the published reports of the World's Congresses may be addressed to Clarence E. Young, at the World's Congress Headquarters, Chicago, Ill.

MEADVILLE ALUMNI RESOLUTIONS.

At the annual meeting of the Meadville Alumni Association held in Boston May 31 a committee was unanimously appointed to prepare the following resolutions:—

Resolved, That the members of this association have heard with profound regret of the death of Rev. Abiel Abbot Livermore, D.D., late president of the Meadville Theological School, and desire to express their grateful remembrance of the consecrated service which Dr. Livermore rendered for so many years, not only to the Meadville Theological School, but to the cause of liberal Christianity and to every high and pure interest of humanity. By the example of his saintly life and the sweetness of his personal character, as well as by his absolute faithfulness to the duties of his responsible position, Dr. Livermore deeply impressed the highest ideals of Christian manhood upon the lives of all who were fortunate enough to be brought under his influence.

Resolved, That the members of this association have heard with deep sorrow of the death of Prof. Frederic Huidekoper, whose early interest in the establishment of the Meadville Theological School, and whose long years of freely given service as professor, librarian, and trustee, rendered his relation to the school unique, and desire to express their deep appreciation of the advantages which the school has derived from Prof. Huidekoper's high scholarship and unflagging interest and devotion.

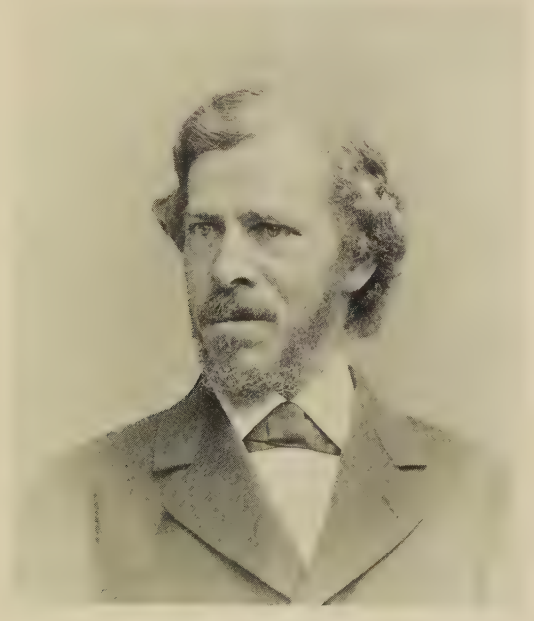
Resolved, That these resolutions be entered upon the records of the association, and that copies be sent to the bereaved families, as a slight testimonial of the sincere regard and deep sympathy of the Meadville Alumni.

In behalf of the Meadville Alumni Association.

FRANK L. PHALEN,
FREDERICK B. MOTT,
Committee.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

THE life and work of Charles G. Ames, whose portrait we print below, are too well known to need comment here. In the Middle States, on the Pacific Coast, as editor of the *Christian Register*, afterwards founder of the Spring Garden Society in Philadelphia, and at present the successor of James Freeman Clarke as minister of the Church of the Disciples in Boston, his influence has been continuously, if quietly, great.



C. G. Ames

A complete Catalogue of our publications will be sent to any address on application. We here speak of one or two important works, endeavoring to give some idea of their scope:

The Insight of Faith.

Brief Selected Paragraphs from the Writings of Henry W. Foote.

Amid the heat and conflict of city ways, the echo of quiet music in the distance comes like cooling breezes. At the sound of the angelus the laborers in the field fling down their spades and bow with refreshed hearts. This little book, too, has quieting power. As daily companion it is rich in calmness, suggestiveness, power of inducing courage. Happy may any one be who looks into it daily.

Every one has the burden of ignorance, which can only be borne in humility; of sin, with which only repentance and a new heart can do away; of sorrow, which a childlike spirit can alone bear. But we have also the duty *to be strong*. Bear the burden and it will really bear you.—*p. 12.*

The way to rise above disappointment is to fix our eyes, not on others, or our own failures, but on *the mark*, and press toward that.—*p. 49.*

We are too apt to fall into the error of supposing that men are made by their *surroundings* instead of by their *thinkings*. That which we do is largely a matter of chance to us,—we are born into it or are led into it we can hardly tell how, —it is *the way we do it* which shows what we are; *i.e.*, it is our thought.—*p. 59.*

The opportunity of saintliness comes into our special way of life, whatever it may be. All the power which was in the spiritual heroes of the elder time, all the chivalry which was in St. George, all the purity which was in the virgin saints, all the faith which was witnessed by the great army of martyrs and confessors,—these

all wait to be incarnated anew in the honesty of your work, in the stainlessness of your thought, in the courage of your truth, in the steadfastness of your trust, in the sweetness of your charity.—*p. 25.*

It is gratifying to find a little volume of the higher devotion, like this, recognized and appreciated by the general religious and newspaper press at something of its true value. We append a few of the notices coming to us concerning the book:

A tiny volume of original texts, born of the philosophic or progressive Christianity, broader and stronger than the devotional booklet to which we in this country are most accustomed.—*Boston Post.*

A delightful little volume.—*Boston Traveller.*

Rarely does one find a little volume so full of helpful and precious words. Devotional in spirit and uplifting in aim.—*Christian Inquirer.*

Felicitously illustrates the eloquence, the gentleness of heart, and the sweetness of nature of him whose maxims of life it chronicles.—*Boston Sunday Gazette.*

The sweet spirit of reverence, of brotherly love, and of tender charity which characterized the words and life of the author, breathes again in the selections of this little volume.—*Boston Journal.*

Whoever has been helped by the earnestness of Jeremy Taylor or the devout pages of Fénelon will find much of the same spirit within the narrow limits of this small volume.—*Christian Register.*

[*Flexible cloth, 50 cts.; morocco, full gilt, $1.50.*]

Life.

Fifteen Lectures by M. J. Savage.

The ever-unanswered question recurs day by day, and every day,—the meaning of life! *Has* it any meaning? What was the origin of life? what is its nature? is man more than animal? what does pain signify? And the poverty and struggle—the shame and cruelty—hope and despair—endeavor and disappointment—life as a whole! What is it all for? Every day the problem is with us.

Every attempted solution of the great theme—if from an earnest and reverent source—has alluring interest for us. Therefore this volume, with its one-word title, allures us. And if we read the chapters, and ponder them, we rise up strengthened.

Probably nothing is more certain to-day than that any satisfying solution of life and its thousand problems must be found wholly outside of the world's older theology and cosmology. That which makes almost all of Mr. Savage's work fresh and interesting to new readers—that which stamps it as "sensible" and reasonable and self-consistent—is the fact that it is founded on the world's modern new knowledge of the universe and of the forces of Nature. It is not "tradition" to which Mr. Savage ever refers—it is to the facts of the universe and of life, as we know them. And, coupled with this constant appeal to realities, is his plain, clear language, his transparent expression. No entanglements, no subterfuges are here, no blindness of phrase to conceal thought: but the straight word straightly put. It is the religion of the Freed Thought, tending to the true Freedom of Man. Thus it is the only religion that can ever truly save. All else is mock-religion, for a mock salvation; tending to make-believe repentance for make-believe sin.

In his recent address before the Western Unitarian Sunday-school Society, Mr. Gannett said, "Why do Minot Savage's sermons go twice as far as any other sermons among us, and with thrice the welcome? Because, without paint, each one is so limpid that anybody can see the thoughts outlined, side by side, like fish at the bottom of a pool."

Thus it is in this volume, "Life." But not through the simplicity and directness of the language alone are we drawn on, page after page, with unfailing interest: it is also because, chapter after chapter, we find our life-questionings answered. The book does what it sets out to do.

These are the chapters:

I. Nature and Origin of Life; II. Is Man more than Animal? III. The Method of Evolution; IV. The Problem of Pain; V. The Individual Soul under Law; VI. Goodness and Moral Evil; VII. My Life's Meaning; VIII. A Human Life; IX. Work and Play; X. Wealth and Poverty; XI. Mr. Bellamy's Nationalism; XII. Other Social Dreams; XIII. Moralities and Morality; XIV. Religions and Religion; XV. What is it all for?

Says Mr. Savage, in closing:

I for one believe that, looking over the history of the world and blinking none of its ugly facts, we may be able to discover that in the light of [what we have gone over together in this volume] we may find adequate and satisfactory solution to this question, What is it all for? . . .

On any theory of the universe you please to hold, I am here, a thinking being, a being with a conscience that demands justice, with a heart that demands love. (I speak of myself only as representing the race.) Where did this thought, this conscience, this heart, come from? It is the child and creation of the universe, on *any* theory, whether there is a God or not. There must be something in the universe that corresponds to and is capable of producing the brain, the conscience, the heart of man. How

did they come here? They are here, and are living, eternal witnesses to the thought, the conscience, the heart of things, as I believe. And they are prophecies. Since they are the expression of the nature of things, and since they demand the perfect thought and love and right, I hold that they are prophecies of that which the world has been seeking from the first, is seeking to-day, and in the nature of things must seek forever.

[*Cloth, 237 pages, $1.00.*]

Phillips Brooks in Boston.

Five Years' Editorial Estimates. By M. C. Ayres, Editor Boston "Daily Advertiser."

Appreciative press-notices of this volume continue to reach us in large numbers. We abstract from a few of the more recent ones the passages which follow:

Certainly it is among the best of the literature which the life of the bishop has called forth.—*New Bedford Mercury.*

It is a striking illustration of the extent of Dr. Brooks' influence that one of the leading daily papers of Boston should have made him so often the theme of its editorial utterances; of the character of that influence that these editorial utterances should be so full of a deep and active Christian spirit; and of the permanence of that influence that they should be worthy of being brought together in book form. Apart from these considerations, the book is valuable as a contribution to the current history of the times, the history of its religious thought and life.—*Christian Union.*

It contains much that is valuable, and is very interesting.—*Boston Courier.*

A clear outline of the fine conditions which mark the attitude of large classes of people toward the Christian Church of the present time, with suggestions as to the sources of the preacher's power and of the deeper currents of his religious life. It is enriched by the preface, an introduction by Rev. W. J. Tucker, D.D., and the thrilling correspondence in the appendix between Helen Keller and the great preacher.—*Christian Register.*

Mr. Ayres has rendered a valuable service to Phillips Brooks' literature. No one who loves the name of Phillips Brooks or who values aright the true progress of humanity can afford to be without this admirable volume.—*Boston Budget.*

Discriminating, appreciative, and vigorous.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

Bostonians desirous for really good criticism of the greatest Protestant churchman whom Boston has ever seen, and the student of human nature searching for the secret of the late bishop's wonderful power, will study it attentively.—*Boston Pilot.*

It is valuable for the insight it gives us into the secret of this great man's influence with "all sorts and conditions of men." It is well worth a careful reading.—*Nassau Literary Magazine.*

A book which will probably receive as much attention as anything published this year. Every line is well worth reading.—*Baltimore American.*

The volume may be regarded almost in the light of an addition to the history of religion, so vividly and truthfully does it picture the faith and spirit of the man who labored so incessantly up to the time of his death to bridge over the chasm between the old theology and the new.—*Cornell Era.*

Interesting and unique. A striking proof and illustration of the prominent place occupied by Mr. Brooks among the men of his generation. Also a sort of unintentional portrait of the man and his influence, not merely in his own church, but upon the whole community, as we read what men were saying and thinking about him and his methods during those busy years. It is given to few men to occupy such a position during their lifetime, and these daily recognitions of his personality and power are really more impressive, because more informal and unstudied, than similar tributes paid after his death.—*Public Opinion.*

[*Cloth, 120 pages, 50 cents.*]

Bird-Bolts:

Shots on the Wing. By Francis Tiffany.

The title of his small book Mr. Tiffany finds in "Twelfth Night": "To be generous, guiltless, and of a free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-balls."

These thirty-three brief, spicy sketches, or essays, are just the thing for summer days' reading. We may easily imagine ourselves reading Charles Dudley Warner as we turn many of the pages.

The sketches are on a variety of topics, ranging from "The Philosophy of the Kitten," "How to Kindle Fires," and "The Educated Fleas," to "Hints on Real Estate," "Vicious Virtues," and "The Ugliness of the Individual." They are witty, genial, entertaining, and something more; for Mr. Tiffany's end is not merely to amuse. His kindly satire always brings home some bit of practical wisdom, some helpful truth; and, after the reader has laughed heartily at the humor and absurdity, he is constrained to admit that "there is a good deal in that, after all." Its suggestiveness makes it just the book to read aloud to a little group of friends, on the rocks or under the trees, where it is desirable to mix talking with reading in equal parts.

The book in its keen, kindly insight and wit reminds not only of Charles Dudley Warner, but of Beecher in his "Star Papers" and "Life Thoughts," and of Holmes in the "Autocrat" series.

Meditating with a bow-gun,—shooting bird-bolts now on one side, now on the other; representing on the cover of his little book the

contending parties as plover, or possibly wild geese, at which he is discharging his light artillery. Appropriate to the season; . . . attractive; . . . the upshot of the whole pleasantly ethical.—*Springfield Republican.*

Written in a piquant, taking style, but full of deep philosophy and food for thought.—*Indianapolis News.*

Imaginative, sympathetic and pleasing. Very readable.—*Boston Globe.*

Would give a good spirit to many a dull home and bring music to its circle. On all sorts of subjects, but all lively and interesting.—*Boston Commonwealth.*

[*Cloth, 180 pages, 75 cents.*]

Bluffton; A Story of To-day.

By M. J. Savage.

Hot weather days are days for "easy" reading. If with ease may come large interest also, and the added charm of value when pleasure only was sought, the book which combines all three is thrice welcome.

From towards the middle of the book we make a quotation—not from the "love" sections but from the "religious":

Every evening, week after week, Mark Forrest spoke from his heart to a church full of attentive but rational and calm hearers. He labored to persuade men through their convictions; naturally enough claiming that, since men had brains, doubtless the Lord intended that they should use them concerning these grave affairs.

Mr. Smiley was very much troubled at the class of men that came and listened; and he was more troubled still when they said that Mr. Forrest talked sense, and that they were ready to be his kind of Christian. Even old Uncle Zeke came in, and dropped down on a back seat, and listened with open mouth, as though a new prophet had come.

Mr. Smiley put his arm through the arm of Deacon Putney as they left the door of the church to go home one evening, and said,—

"Deacon, what do you think of the way things are going on?"

"Well," said the deacon cautiously, for he was not sure yet what others thought, "I have my times of hardly knowin'"—as though he ever had any other times. "What do *you* think?"

"I think this," said Mr. Smiley, with great and unctuous positiveness: "that when the unregenerate like a minister of the gospel, there is something wrong. 'The natural heart is enmity against God': and when the vital gospel is preached the natural heart rebels. It don't look well to see lawyers and doctors, and so many moral men, present and approving. If they were on their knees, and in tears, it would be another thing. But they simply listen and approve, and say, 'That is reasonable and right, and we ought to do it.' That ain't much like the preaching of Nettleton and Finney."

"Waal," broke in Uncle Zeke, who had come up behind, and caught the last words,—"what *would* ye like? To have them say they *don't* like it and *won't* do it? Now, *I* call this preachin' a nat'ral and sensible religion. I'd like to be that kind o' Christian myself."

"Yes: that is the self-righteousness of a sinful heart," said Mr. Smiley. "The real gospel isn't natural, and men ought not to like it. Their stubborn wills should be broken, and they prostrated before the just wrath of an angry God."

"I don't go much fer breaking folks's wills," said Uncle Zeke. "Break yer mainspring, and then expect yer watch to make time!"

[*Cloth, 250 pages, $1.50.*]

Topics of To-Day.

Popular Lectures and Discussions before the Brooklyn Ethical Association.

The value and interest of these pamphlets, the titles of a few of which have appeared once or twice in our advertising columns, have only to be understood to bring them into extensive popular use. For instance, not only for private reading, but as suggestive material for Unity Club study work they have already proved their marked fitness. Dr. Lewis G. Janes, of New York city, the President of the Association under the auspices of which the Lectures had origin, has just quoted the report of Mr. Chadwick concerning what he found during his recent Western missionary trip. He writes:

Mr. Chadwick was surprised at the interest we have created throughout the West. He heard everywhere of Clubs studying along the lines we have laid out in our lectures, and acknowledging their indebtedness to us.

A page in every pamphlet gives an exhaustive list of references to collateral readings, making any desired further research in the special line an easy matter,—opening up all the literature of the subject. Herbert Spencer himself, Prof. John Fiske, Joseph Le Conte, Andrew D. White, and many of the scientists of Europe, have expressed their interest in the thoroughness and competency of the lectures. A number of the pamphlets are illustrated, thus further making them available for popular use.

The pamphlets number thirty-four in all. The complete list may be had on application.

Will be of invaluable use in disseminating the perceptions of true thinkers who have devoted especial attention to the subjects in question.—*Boston Times.*

[*10 cts. each; 6 for 50 cts.; 15 for $1.00.*]

CHILDHOOD

A MAGAZINE FOR PARENTS,

EDITED BY

DR. GEORGE WILLIAM WINTERBURN,

Is the only magazine in the world of its kind. It contains a mine of interesting knowledge set forth with all the piquant grace of the greatest living authors. Every article is written especially for it by such writers as

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.
CHARLES DE GARMO.
MONCURE D. CONWAY.
MINOT J. SAVAGE.
ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.
MARIA LOUISE POOL.
LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.
HELEN CAMPBELL.

Besides this it has five regular departments, unique and unrivalled in their different fields: "THOUGHTS AND SUGGESTIONS," by Florence Hull; "UNTIL THE DOCTOR COMES," a page of free advice by the Editor that is alone worth the price of the magazine; "THE TWILIGHT HOUR," the serial story of the child's inner life, by Adelaide Grace Lytton; "MOTHER'S QUERIES," by Auretta Roys Aldrich; and "SAYINGS AND DOINGS," the Harper's Drawer of CHILDHOOD, by Alan Chadwick.

TEN CENTS A NUMBER; ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

CHILDHOOD, 78 Maiden Lane, New York.

"Free, original, brave, manly speech is here; never prosy, always earnest, often curiously apt, and sometimes swelling with its theme into fervid eloquence. What sermons of the day can compare with these in richness, force, and beauty?"—*Rev. Dr. F. H. Hedge.*

NOW READY:

Seeing and Being,

and Other Sermons.

By JOHN W. CHADWICK,

Author of "The Bible of To-day," "The Faith of Reason," "The Man Jesus," etc., etc.

Seventeenth and Eighteenth Series of Mr. Chadwick's Published Sermons.

CONTENTS:

Great Hopes for Great Souls; "A Mere Man"; The Constructive Achievements of the Higher Criticism; Tempted of God; The Price of Moral Freedom; Orthodoxy, what is it? Morality and Religion; The Conversion of Energy; Two Meanings of Religion; The Undiscovered Country; Samuel Longfellow; The Old, Old Story; The Fulness of Time; The Unbridled Tongue; Immortality; Seeing and Being.

Cloth, 234 pages. Price, $1.00.

For sale by booksellers, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, by

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

141 Franklin Street, - - - Boston.

Topics of To-day.

Essays and Lectures on Important Themes.

1. HERBERT SPENCER: His life and personal characteristics; his views on education; his religious opinions. By DANIEL GREENLEAF THOMPSON.
2. CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN: His ancestry, life, and personal characteristics. By REV. JOHN W. CHADWICK.
3. SOLAR AND PLANETARY EVOLUTION: How suns and worlds come into being. By GARRETT P. SERVISS. [Illustrated.]
4. EVOLUTION OF THE EARTH: The story of geology; how the world grew. By DR. LEWIS G. JANES.
5. EVOLUTION OF VEGETAL LIFE: How does life begin? By WILLIAM POTTS.
8. EVOLUTION OF MIND: The mind and the nervous system; the nature of mind. By ROBERT G. ECCLES, M.D.
9. EVOLUTION OF SOCIETY: Primitive man; growth of the family, city, and State; development of the domestic relations; is society an organism? By JAMES A. SKILTON, Esq.
10. EVOLUTION OF THEOLOGY: Origin of religious beliefs; ancestor-worship; nature-worship; the Absolute. By Z. SIDNEY SAMPSON.
11. EVOLUTION OF MORALS: How altruism grows out of egoism; the proper balance. By DR. LEWIS G. JANES.
12. PROOFS OF EVOLUTION: From geology, morphology, embryology, metamorphosis, rudimentary organs, geographical distribution, etc. By NELSON C. PARSHALL.

10 cts each; 6 for 50 cts.; 15 for $1.00.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

141 Franklin Street, - - - Boston.

THE LIFE AND WORK OF

JOHN RUSKIN

BY

W. S. COLLINGWOOD,

EDITOR OF "THE POEMS OF JOHN RUSKIN."

With several Portraits of Ruskin, Reproductions of his original Sketches, Views of Brantwood, etc., and with a Chronology, Bibliography, and Catalogue of his Drawings. 2 *vols., crown* 8*vo.* $5.00.

Mr. Collingwood has admirable discretion, untiring industry in searching for facts, and the manner in which his material is put together is marked by orderliness and clearness. He has aimed neither to write a book which shall treat of Ruskin and his friends, nor one devoted to the times in which Ruskin lived, but rather one on Ruskin, the man and worker, and on the work which Ruskin did. He conforms strictly to his title, therefore; and the volumes must have unrivalled interest for all students of the great writer's life.—*New York Times.*

To a large number of people these volumes will be more pre-eminently the book of the year than any other that has been, or is likely to be, published. . . . A conspicuously worthy record of the life and work of a man who has possibly exercised a greater influence . . . than any writer of our age. . . . So far as biographical details are concerned, this is the final life of Ruskin. . . . It is long since we have had a biography with such varied delights of substance and of form. Such a book is a pleasure for the day, and a joy forever.—*Daily Chronicle* (London).

Not only the admirers and lovers of John Ruskin, but those as well who have not counted themselves his disciples, will go far before they will find a biography more thoroughly fascinating than this by Mr. Collingwood, . . . which needs none of the excuses generally made for biographies written in the lifetime of their subjects. Mr. Collingwood has undoubtedly produced one of the most admirable biographies of recent times.—*The Literary World* (Boston).

The story of Mr. Ruskin's life and work, as told by Mr. Collingwood, is one of singular interest. . . . His record of this notable life is done with taste and judgment. . . . It is a book which will be very widely and deservedly read.—*St. James's Gazette* (London).

No more magnificent volumes have been published for a long time. In binding, paper, printing, and illustrations they will satisfy the most fastidious. They will be prized not only by the band of devotees who look up to Mr. Ruskin as the teacher of the age, but by the many whom no eccentricities can blind to his genius.—*London Times.*

Mr. Collingwood has brought to the fulfilment of his undertaking the results of close personal intimacy with the teacher and most loving study of the whole body of the doctrine taught. It is no small praise to Mr. Collingwood to say that his work is not unworthy of the confidence reposed in him.—*London Standard.*

For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price by the Publishers,

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.